

Edith Lewis

EDWY AND EDILDA:

A

AT A L E.

IN FIVE PARTS.

By Thomas Hodgson & Thelley P.D.



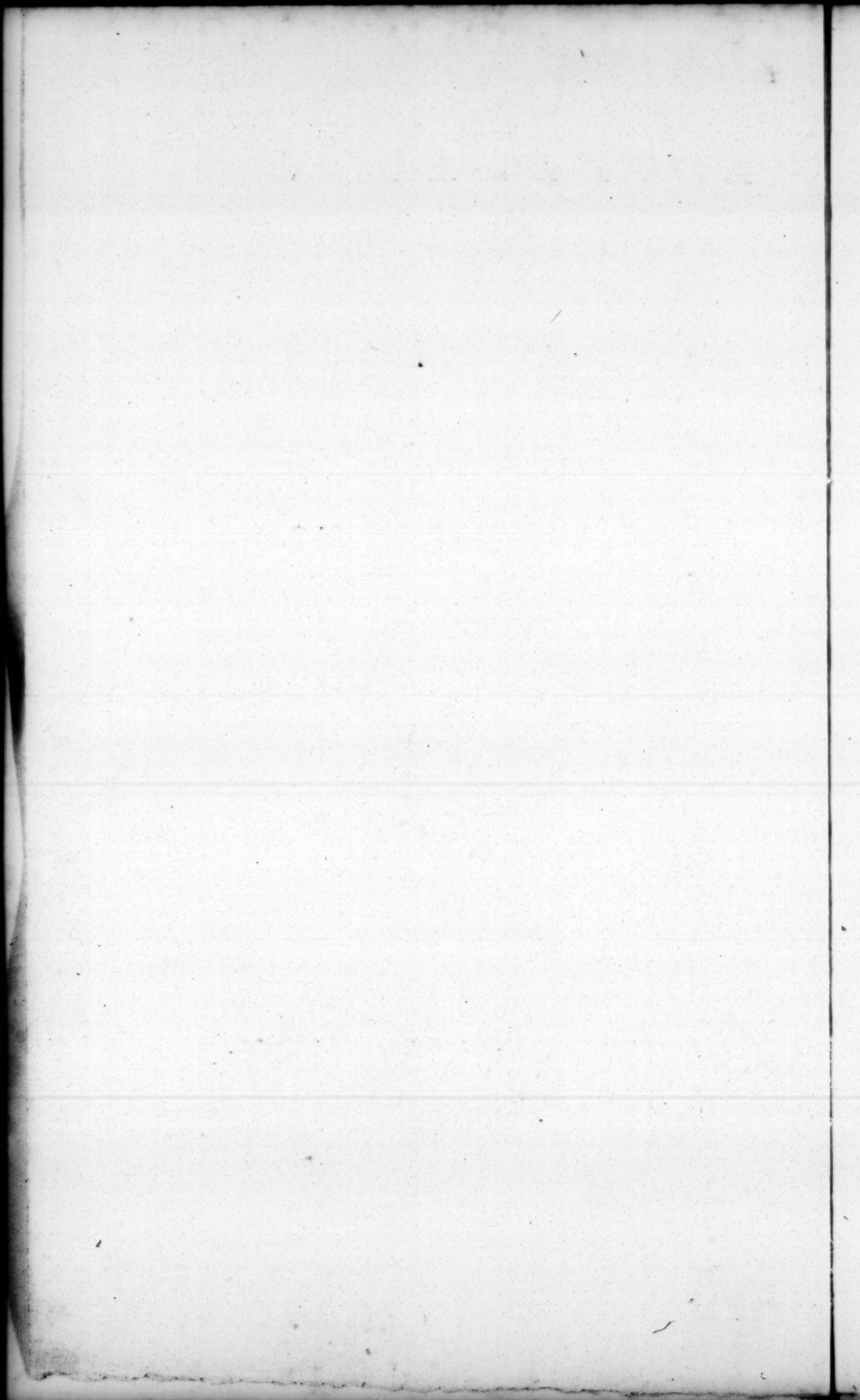
L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Tale was wrote merely for the amusement of some leisure hours; and would never have had the temerity to brave the public eye, but at the request of One, whose wishes it is, and ought to be, the pleasure and pride of its author to fulfil. The author is but too sensible of the defects of his offspring; and has not, like many parents, the folly to suppose the world will discover beauties in an alien, that thus unsought, and unknown, is obtruded on its attention. Neither does he mean by this, to bespeak pity for what he rashly enough exposes; but solely to avert from himself a charge of vanity and self-opinion. Should the Public deem his poem worthy to amuse an idle hour, and distinguish some few stanzas with a small tribute of praise, it would satisfy the author's desires, and exceed his expectations. Neither would he be supposed in this to arraign the judgment of One, whose excess of affection, he is conscious, alone hoodwinks in this
one

P R E F A C E.

one instance her better sense and taste ; though at the same time he confesses it is an error so flattering and charming to him, that from her eyes he would not wish the bandage removed. After all, perhaps, this apology for the author's poem, though addressed to the Public, is chiefly pointed at a few particular friends, who kindly smiled in private on what they never supposed would dare the public eye : Not that he professes himself insensible to the approbation of the latter ; and that he is not proof against its censures, is sufficiently evident from the cloud in which he wraps himself up. He begs, however, that this preface may exculpate him from an absurd vanity in the eyes of a few individuals who have peep'd behind the curtain, and whose good opinion in every instance he has at heart ; if it answers that purpose, it will afford its author a real satisfaction.

EDWY AND EDILDA:

A T A L E.

P A R T I.

I.

WHEN EGBERT England's sceptre
fway'd,
For pow'r and arms renown'd,
Brave GALVAN lived; whose deeds of youth
By peaceful age were crown'd.

II.

Full many a year his feet had trod
The roughest paths of war;
And in his master's cause he earn'd
Full many an honour'd scar:

III.

But deeds of hardiment at length
Gave place to silver hairs;
And feeble age, unlocking strength,
His future service spares.

B

IV. Deep

IV.

Deep in the bosom of a vale,
By Severn's rolling flood,
The hoary Warrior's native tow'rs,
With ample honours, stood.

V.

Thither from camps and courts retir'd,
The aged Baron spent
His days, in long-forgotten peace,
And long-unknown content !

VI.

His hospitable hall was still
With largest bounty crown'd ;
And many a health, and many a tale,
His festive board went round.

VII.

But still the healths to England's weal
Most copiously flow'd ;
And lengthen'd tales, of former wars,
The patriot Warrior show'd.

VIII.

And as the fame of EGBERT's arms,
And tale of Britain's good,
Dwelt on the generous GALVAN's tongue,
And warm'd his aged blood ;

IX.

Unwonted flushes o'er his face
Wou'd animating break ;
And in his eyes unwonted fires
The ardent heart wou'd speak.

x. Nor

x.

Nor did his cheek unuseful glow,
Nor tongue descant in vain;
Since list'ning youth his ardor caught,
And fired at his strain.

xi.

Thus GALVAN lived, by grey hairs laid
Upon the lap of peace;
Honour and love, on every side,
Augmenting still his blifs:

xii.

Nor these alone conspir'd to gild
The evening of his days;
Nor did his heart alone dilate
With foreign love, and praise;

xiii.

A nearer, dearer, homebred joy,
That heart more closely charms;
And in a darling Daughter's form,
His breast more genial warms.

xiv.

Of many children, she alone
To blefs his years remain'd;
Who, from her mother long deceas'd,
EDILDA had been nam'd.

xv.

Upon her cheek the virgin rose
Had spent its softest bloom;
And from her coral lips did shed
Its exquisite perfume:

B 2

xvi. Her

XVI.

Her hair in graceful ringlets flow'd,
Than silk more glossy far ;
And either beaming eye outshone
The radiant morning star.

XVII.

Yet fires through their fringes still
As soft, as piercing went ;
And every sparkling glance appear'd
With sweetest languors blent.

XVIII.

Her shape, her air, her voice, her mien,
What eloquence can tell ?
What pen describe the countless charms
That round her lov'd to dwell ?

XIX.

But not to outward charms alone
Her merits were confin'd ;
More weak were language to express
The beauties of her mind !

XX.

Within her soul each generous thought,
Each noble transport glow'd ;
And beaming from her speaking eye,
To all confess'd they stood.

XXI.

Yet still the softness of her sex
Most strikingly prevail'd ;
And from that softness, she was first
The sweet EDILDA hail'd !

XXII. Ah

XXII.

Ah dangerous sweetness ! which no force
Of mortal cou'd withstand :
Ah dangerous softness ! that with love
Wou'd still go hand in hand :

XXIII.

For who that own'd a noble heart,
Or cou'd by charms be won,
But soon confess'd EDILDA's pow'r,
And bow'd before her throne ?

XXIV.

Not GALVAN's worth, nor GALVAN's sway,
Alone had fill'd his hall ;
Far more the sweet EDILDA's charms,
To pay obeisance, call.

XXV.

And while the daughter's beauties bloom'd
All lovely to the sight,
What wonder if the father's tale
Afforded strange delight !

XXVI.

What wonder ; where the purple blood
In noontide currents flow'd,
And where desire of noble deeds,
In every bosom glow'd.

XXVII.

For every youth that list'ning sat,
At GALVAN's plenteous board,
The goodly heir of noble blood,
With lofty thoughts was stor'd.

XXVIII.

With lofty thoughts they all were stor'd ;
 But one of all around,
 Without a claim to noble blood,
 Was unassuming found :

XXIX.

EDWY, the graceful youth was call'd ;
 The ancient HILDA's son
 By ONGAR ; who his mortal course
 Long since in war had run.

XXX.

An humble dwelling HILDA own'd ;
 And but a scanty flock ;
 Which EDWY used to watch all day,
 From off a neighb'ring rock :

XXXI.

There resting, with his pipe and book,
 Beneath a spreading tree,
 Full many a ditty he wou'd play ;
 And oft' wou'd poring be,

XXXII.

Upon full many a copious tale
 Of war, and warriors dread ;
 While winged hours unminded flew,
 Above his youthful head :

XXXIII.

A learned friar lov'd him well,
 For native wit and worth ;
 And to that learned friar, I ween,
 His knowledge ow'd its birth.

XXXIV. From

XXXIV.

From him, or other wight, 'tis plain
His learning he must catch;
Since HILDA's fortunes, but for this,
Had plac'd it past his reach.

XXXV.

But that though now beyond our ken,
Yet this is handed down;
That youthful EDWY, in those days,
A scholar rare was known.

XXXVI.

A noted minstrel too he was;
And when his pipe did sound,
The neighb'ring villagers to hear,
Wou'd quickly gather round :

XXXVII.

The villagers wou'd gather round,
Till many a village fair,
Allur'd by EDWY's pipe or face,
Made EDWY all her care !

XXXVIII.

Yet, though compos'd of softest mould
His nature seem'd to be ;
And open'd at the tender touch
Of sensibility :

XXXIX.

To love's soft pains his gentle heart
Averse did still appear ;
Averse, or cold, to all the charms
Of every village fair !

XL.

In rustic beauties haply he
 Cou'd no allurements find !
 Their converse haply, cou'd not please
 The temper of his mind !

XLI.

For something in his manners still
 Above his peers was seen ;
 And in his soul a diff'rence yet
 Far greater was, I ween.

XLII.

It happen'd on a summer's morn,
 While on his fav'rite rock,
 Beneath the beeches bow'ring shade
 He sat, and watch'd his flock ;

XLIII.

That GALVAN, sever'd from his train
 In hunting, careless stray'd
 Where EDWY on his mellow pipe
 Melodiously play'd.

XLIV.

Charm'd with the sweet unwonted sounds,
 That sudden caught his ear ;
 With cautious steps upon the youth
 He stole unseen, to hear.

XLV.

And while, with many a cadence clear,
 The youth pursued his strain ;
 And many a wild note, soft and full,
 Resounded through the plain ;

XLVI. Behold

XLVI.

Behold a fierce and famish'd wolf
 Rush'd from a thicket by ;
 And on the hoary Warrior's throat
 Flew, with a dreadful cry !

XLVII.

Unarm'd, unwarn'd against his foe,
 And weak through feeble age ;
 All hopeless with the rav'nous wolf
 Cou'd GALVAN battle wage !

XLVIII.

Young EDWY startled at the din,
 Th' unequal contest view'd ;
 Not long his generous gallant soul
 Deliberating stood.

XLIX.

Beardless, defenceless as he was,
 Unknown to deeds of war ;
 He quickly shew'd what native worth
 And bravery cou'd dare :

L.

Upon the wolf he rush'd amain, 6
 And with a strenuous hand
 Close grip'd his throat, and all his force
 And fury did withstand.

LI.

From struggling GALVAN's panting breast,
 Besmear'd with foam and gore,
 The beast he dragg'd ; and with a crash
 His jaws asunder tore.

LII. Beneath

LII.

Beneath th' astonish'd heroe's feet
The wolf expiring lay,
Which threaten'd, but a moment past,
To rend his life away.

LIII.

Before his eyes, with graceful air,
The blooming EDWY stood;
Who kindly cheer'd his harrafs'd soul,
And kindly staunch'd his blood.

LIV.

Yet, little ween'd he for whose sake
Such danger he had brav'd;
But little ween'd how great a life
His daring hand had sav'd.

LV.

For though the ancient Noble's fame
Had often reach'd his ear;
Yet too obscure his station was,
Before him to appear;

LVI.

Before him to appear, uncall'd;
And as a stranger he
To GALVAN was, so still unknown
He cou'd not fail to be.

LVII.

For EDWY's gentle, musing mind,
Retirement lov'd full well;
And rarely with his compeers round
His steps were seen to dwell:

LVIII. Nor

LVIII.

Nor if perchance the Noble's horns
Awak'd the neighb'ring wood,
Wou'd he, to view the splendid train,
With them his steps obtrude.

LIX.

Yet not from fullness, or pride,
Sprung his sequester'd life;
And less his temper sweet wou'd find
Occasion bad for strife.

LX.

But form'd in melancholy's mould,
Beneath the green-wood shade,
Unheard, unseen, he joy'd to be
In meditation laid :

LXI.

Yet counsel sweet, and ready help,
To every neighbour swain,
Who still so ready was as he,
To lend, upon the plain ?

LXII.

And much his love they all admir'd,
And much his goodness lov'd ;
And knew and priz'd that courage which
For GALVAN he had prov'd.

LXIII.

Him to his humble dwelling oft'
He kindly press'd to wend ;
And offer'd his supporting arm,
His footsteps to attend.

LXIV. And

LXIV.

And oft' he fear'd the rav'ning wolf
Had made a deadly wound;
And oft' his linen he wou'd rend,
And wrap his throat around :

LXV.

For much the blood that trickled thence,
His kind heart did appal;
Though by the collar sav'd, I ween
The injury was small.

LXVI.

“ Who, and what art thou ?” GALVAN cried ;
“ Relate thy birth and name,
“ Whose valour foremost ought to stand
“ Upon the list of fame.

LXVII.

“ Whoever, and whate'er thou art,
“ An heart thou hast full brave;
“ And a stout arm, which thou didst stretch
“ Right well, my life to save.

LXVIII.

“ Nor think a life of little worth
“ Hath been preserv'd by thee :
“ Nor think that GALVAN for the boon
“ Ungrateful e'er will be.”

LXIX.

At GALVAN's name a rosy blush
Suffus'd young EDWY's cheek ;
And downcast eyes, and lifted hands,
Surprise and reverence speak.

LXX. With

LXX.

With modest air he answers mild :

“ Old HILDA’s son I am,
 “ Thy vassal, virtuous though poor,
 “ And EDWY is my name.”

LXXI.

“ That thou art virtuous, gen’rous, brave,”
 The Noble quick replied ;
 “ Hath in thy conduct, gallant youth,
 “ This day been amply tried.

LXXII.

“ Nor vassal thou, nor shepherd swain
 “ A future hour shall see ;
 “ My lov’d companion, and my friend,
 “ Henceforward ever be :

LXXIII.

“ And sure a firmer, worthier friend,
 “ No man can ever have ;
 “ Since all unarm’d, a stranger thou
 “ So ready wast to save.”

LXXIV.

“ Detested were the abject hand !”
 (The shepherd warmly cried ;)
 “ That to relieve such deep distress
 “ Its prowess had not tried ;

LXXV.

“ And ever blessed be the day,
 “ When in such noble strife,
 “ This weak, and far unworthy arm,
 “ Sav’d noble GALVAN’s life !”

LXXVI. And

LXXVI.

And now the ancient Warrior's train,
 Appearing, gather'd round,
 With great amazement at the plight
 In which their lord was found.

LXXVII.

And much their eyes young EDWY scann'd,
 And much they gaz'd to see
 GALVAN to such a lowly swain
 Bewray such courtesy :

LXXVIII.

For good as noble GALVAN was,
 And generous as his mind;
 Yet something unto lofty pride
 His nature was inclin'd.

LXXIX.

Now loud he vaunts of EDWY's deeds;
 And on his grateful tongue,
 Unnumber'd praises of the youth,
 Unnumber'd blessings hung !

LXXX.

And as he clos'd his copious tale,
 " Behold the man ! " he cried,
 " Who still most honour'd shall appear,
 " Most lov'd, at GALVAN's side !

LXXXI.

" And as you value GALVAN's love,
 " Or reverence GALVAN's pow'r ;
 " As you your wishes best wou'd prove,
 " To bless his waning hour ;

LXXXII.

“ Let gallant EDWY, like himself,
 “ Your love, your service share ;
 “ And for his pleasure and content,
 “ Nor pains, nor duty spare !

LXXXIII.

“ Nor aged HILDA shall lament
 “ The absence of her son ;
 “ Since many an added flock and herd,
 “ Her fertile fields shall own :

LXXXIV.

“ Those fields and flocks be GALVAN's gift !
 “ And oft' her aged breast
 “ Shall joy to see her darling child
 “ By pow'r and wealth carefs'd.”

LXXXV.

Right onward now to GALVAN's hall
 The numerous train did ride ;
 And EDWY, honour'd most of all,
 Rode fast by GALVAN's side :

LXXXVI.

By GALVAN's side he gently rode,
 And as the courser fair
 With trappings gay, and carriage proud
 Seem'd as he trod the air ;

LXXXVII.

The blooming youth, tho' all amaz'd
 At such unwonted state ;
 And though in homely garb attir'd,
 Yet firm and graceful sat :

LXXXVIII. And

LXXXVIII.

And such his fair demeanor was,
And such his comely mien,
That all did think his garb alone
Unworthy such a scene.

LXXXIX.

At GALVAN's palace straight arriv'd,
Full many a knight and peer,
Expectant of the lord's return,
They found assembled there.

XC.

To each in turn the Baron now
Presents the stranger Swain ;
And while his merits rare he told,
Applause burst forth amain :

XC I.

Applause burst forth, and echoed round
The high and spacious hall ;
While (or to please their noble host,
Or warm'd at honour's call)

XCII.

The courteous guests all gather'd round,
And ardent to their breast,
With semblance fair of truth and love,
The blushing EDWY press'd.

XCIII.

And much they prais'd his gallant heart,
And much his easy air ;
And wonder'd how a stock so base
Produc'd a fruit so fair !

xciv. Not

XCIV.

Not weeting that a garment coarse,
A noble mind may hide ;
Nor in the cot, that virtue oft
Delighteth to abide !

XCV.

Though rough as from its native bed,
The precious diamond's blaze,
'Midst high-wrought rubies' glowing fires,
Yet darts superior rays :

XCVI.

So Edwy 'midst the courtly sons
Of wealth and lofty birth
Appears ; and so eclipses all,
By native charms and worth :

XCVII.

Eclipses all that round him stand,
When lo ! a brighter star,
Outshining every object else
That's pleasing, doth appear !

XCVIII.

For who that view'd the countless charms
In sweet EDILDA's face,
Or who that view'd her lovely form,
Adorn'd with nameless grace ;

XCIX.

But to that form and to that face,
Immediate homage paid ;
And found attention wholly bent
Upon the peerless maid ?

C.

A flowing robe of azure dye,
 With silver fringes grac'd,
 A ruby girdle fasten'd round
 Her finely taper'd waist;

CI.

Thence floating largely on the ground
 In many a graceful wave,
 Unto her port, if so cou'd be,
 More majesty it gave :

CII.

From one bar'd shoulder, falling loose,
 Of alabaster hue
 A portion of her lovely neck
 It offer'd to the view :

CIII.

And yet as envious of the boon,
 The silver fringe arose,
 Concealing half the kinder robe
 Had promis'd to disclose.

CIV.

O'er her soft hands meand'ring veins
 Of brightest azure stray'd ;
 And with the pure surrounding white,
 A pleasing contrast made :

CV.

And where her gently swelling arm,
 So polish'd, firm and fair,
 Into the elbow moulded was
 With symmetry most rare,

2

CVI. A ruby

CVI.

A ruby button, careless fix'd
 Within a silver loop,
 The sky-blue robe, in foldings fair,
 Most seemly gather'd up.

CVII.

Beneath the upper looser robe,
 A snowy vest was seen;
 Yet whiter, softer, purer far,
 The form it hid, I ween.

CVIII.

An azure buskin silver lac'd,
 Her slender ancle clad;
 In sandals like her dainty feet
 Did delicately tread.

CIX.

Her auburn tresses deftly hung,
 Part on her ivory neck,
 And part in full waves flowing down
 Her azure robe did deck:

CX.

In gather'd knots a part appear'd,
 By strings of pearl confin'd,
 And many a soft and shining lock,
 Did wreaths of lilies bind.

CXI.

Her lips like opening rose-buds glow'd,
 And in her speaking eye
 A piercing brightness mix'd its rays
 With sensibility:

CXII.

Upon her brow sweet dignity,
 Enthron'd with meekness fair,
 Most graceful fat ; and truth, and sense,
 Were sweetly blended there.

CXIII.

Yet something on her forehead fair,
 Of dread, one might espy ;
 And glist'ning tears did trembling stand,
 In either anxious eye.

CXIV.

So do the shadows lovely hang
 On some fair mountain's brow :
 So do the sapphire's soft'ned rays
 Through clearest chrystal show.

CXV.

At her approach in every eye
 Pleas'd admiration hung ;
 And murmurs soft of joy and love,
 Fell gently from each tongue.

CXVI.

Through the divided ranks the while,
 The sweet EDILDA went
 With trembling haste, and to her Sire
 The duteous knee she bent :

CXVII.

And while the duteous knee she bent,
 His hand she fondly press'd,
 And with a thousand kisses sweet
 His aged lips caress'd.

CXVIII. So

CXVIII.

So round some aged cedar doth
 The fragrant jasmine twine ;
 So clasps and decks some time-worn oak,
 The perfum'd eglantine.

CXIX.

A something of that morning's chance
 In rumours she had heard,
 And therefore with disorder'd mien,
 To learn the truth, appear'd.

CXX.

But when upon her Father's breast
 The bloody marks she spy'd,
 Her pulse decay'd, and on her cheek
 The wonted roses dy'd.

CXXI.

But soon to ease her lab'ring heart,
 The pearly sorrows flow ;
 And soon her tongue its speech regains,
 To mitigate her woe :

CXXII.

“ Oh ! by what cruel chance,” she cried,
 “ Do these sad marks appear ;
 “ What deadly villany hath left
 “ These bloody traces here ?”

CXXIII.

“ Quick to your dear EDILDA's pray'r,
 “ The dreaded truth reveal :
 “ Nor hope, that from a love like her's
 “ The worst you can conceal.”

CXXIV.

Charm'd with her tender plaints and tears,
The Hero to his breast,
With added love, and added joy,
His beauteous Daughter prefs'd.

CXXV.

And much her troubled heart he sooths,
And much her bosom cheers ;
And often from her melting eye
He kiss'd the falling tears.

CXXVI.

“ O ! let my sweet EDILDA's soul
“ Be comforted,” he cry'd,
“ And let those dear, those lovely eyes,
“ My darling child, be dry'd !”

CXXVII.

“ Nor dread these marks of brutal rage
“ That on my breast I bear !
“ Than all my numerous scars in war,
“ More lov'd, more honour'd far !

CXXVIII.

“ Since these alone to GALVAN's soul
“ Made known the genuine birth,
“ Of every generous sentiment
“ That e'er adorn'd the earth :

CXXIX.

“ Made courage known in tender youth,
“ Beyond what veterans dare ;
“ And with that courage, virtue, sense,
“ And modesty, most rare !

CXXX. “ These

CXXX.

“ These high endowments turn and view
 “ In lowly EDWY’s face ;
 “ And let EDILDA judge if now
 “ Her Father flatter’d has :

CXXXI.

“ Ev’n let my sweet EDILDA judge ;
 “ The while from me assur’d,
 “ That EDWY’s graceful form is by
 “ His merits rare obscur’d !

CXXXII.

“ But for those virtues which these lips
 “ So warmly, justly, praise,
 “ Thy Father ere this hour had touch’d
 “ The limit of his days.

CXXXIII.

“ At leisure, my EDILDA all
 “ The wond’rous tale shall hear ;
 “ But see, to meet her ow’d applause,
 “ Where EDWY doth appear.”

CXXXIV.

Scarce had the words escap’d his lips,
 Or ever she did see
 The blooming shepherd at her feet
 Upon his bended knee.

CXXXV.

His light-brown locks, in numerous curls,
 Upon his shoulders hung ;
 And round his neck his wonted scrip
 And pipe were lightly flung.

C 4

CXXXVI. A deep-

CXXXVI.

A deepened colour warm'd his cheek,
And made his forehead fair,
And brilliant eyes, with brighter beams
And finer hue, appear.

CXXXVII.

Expression sweet, with spirit high,
Were temper'd in his face ;
And through that glass the generous soul,
Most clearly one might trace.

CXXXVIII.

His form alike with elegance
And manly firmness blest'd,
Array'd in youth's seducing bloom,
A thousand charms express'd.

CXXXIX.

Nor cou'd the homely russet coat
Conceal his noble air ;
Which rather, from the contrast wide,
More striking did appear.

CXL.

A moment's pause EDILDA made ;
The while her lovely eyes
Dwelt on the kneeling Shepherd's form,
With pleasure and surprize.

CXLI.

Upon the Shepherd's form she gaz'd,
Till o'er her blooming cheek
A sweet confusion made the blood
In stronger currents break.

CXLII. Thence

CXLII.

Thence spreading o'er her spotless breast
Suffusing blushes glow,
As when the rosy morning breaks
Upon a hill of snow.

CXLIII.

Her lily hand most gracious now
She proffers for a kiss ;
Which EDWY gently, trembling, touch'd,
As worthless of the bliss.

CXLIV.

And while that soft and lovely hand
His red lips pressed sweet,
He weens transported, that the world
Is worthless such a treat !

CXLV.

" Believe, thou gallant Youth," she cry'd,
" That while EDILDA lives,
" She must remember by whose hand
" Her noble Sire survives ;

CXLVI.

" And while rememb'rance of a boon,
" So precious, I possess ;
" Believe, brave Youth, EDILDA's heart
" Shall thee unceasing bless."

CXLVII.

" O lady ! gracious, good, and fair,"
Th' enraptur'd Shepherd cry'd,
" To win a blessing from thy lips,
" EDWY had willing dy'd ;

CXLVIII. " Too

CXLVIII.

“ Too happy ! that his feeble arm
 “ Could noble GALVAN save ;
 “ And happier still of him and thee,
 “ To live and die the slave !”

CXLIX.

And from that day the gallant Youth
 In GALVAN's grateful breast,
 Above each valued friend around,
 The dearest place possess'd.

CL.

To highest trust, to fairest state
 Was EDWY now preferr'd ;
 And quickly in the Noble's court,
 With vantage great appear'd :

CLI.

For quickly to his docile mind,
 Each liberal art was known,
 And polish'd manners quickly were
 Peculiarly his own.

CLII.

Yet cou'd not favour in his breast
 Beget o'er-weening pride ;
 Still humble, modest, gentle, good,
 'Midst Fortune's highest tide.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

P A R T II.

I.

BY all esteem'd, by all admir'd,
And much by all caress'd ;
What anxious thought cou'd now disturb
The heav'n in EDWY's breast ?

II.

Was halcyon peace fair virtue's dow'r,
He sure had happy been ;
But good and evil in this life
Still make a motley scene.

III.

Thus EDWY favour'd past his thought,
'Midst all his blessings found
A secret arrow in his heart
Inflict a deadly wound.

IV.

And who can doubt, that reads this tale,
The source of EDWY's woe ?
Who but will guess EDILDA's charms,
The source from whence they flow ?

V.

Those dazzling charms with virtue join'd,
Which Heav'n itself approv'd ;
What marvel if the Shepherd saw,
Admir'd, esteem'd, and lov'd ?

VI. What

VI.

What marvel ! when his own pure heart
The tablet was most fair,
Where every good and noble thought
At large inscribed were.

VII.

Alas ! their magic pow'r he felt
Within his artless breast,
Long ere the flame that bicker'd there,
Was to himself confess'd.

VIII.

He fondly deem'd that rev'rence high,
Esteem, and duty fair,
With admiration, as of Heav'n,
Alone were center'd there.

IX.

And though with strange and vast delight,
His ardent glances well
He knew, on sweet EDILDA's face
Unceasing lov'd to dwell :

X.

Although he knew his beating heart
Upon her accents hung ;
And that his melting soul was lost
In raptures when she sung :

XI.

Yet still the unexperienc'd youth
These daily transports prov'd ;
Nor once divin'd those transports sweet
Were symptoms that he lov'd.

XII. Day

XII.

Day after day, with silent course,
Thus fleeted fast away ;
But nothing yet to EDWY's self,
Did EDWY's heart betray :

XIII.

Mean time, of sweet EDILDA's charms,
Did all reporting Fame
Through every province, far and near,
The wond'rous pow'r proclaim.

XIV.

Hence many a Warrior of renown,
And many a Noble great,
To GALVAN's palace hy'd away,
In all the pride of state :

XV.

To GALVAN's palace quickly hy'd ;
And when admitted there,
Each one EDILDA soon confests'd
The Fairest of the Fair.

XVI.

But still EDILDA's gentle heart,
Each Suitor woo'd in vain ;
And still the Hymenæal bands
She view'd with cold disdain.

XVII.

Oft her indulgent Father's lips
Had sworn a solemn vow,
That ne'er reluctant to the yoke,
Her bosom he wou'd bow.

XVIII. And

XVIII.

And oft' the gen'rous Warrior said,
His vast possessions all,
His noble race and honour'd name,
Without an heir shou'd fall;

XIX.

Or ever at the altar's foot
EDILDA's eyes shou'd wear
Averted looks, or on the bands
Of Hymen drop one tear;

XX.

And though in secret GALVAN wish'd
His lovely Daughter's heart
Might to some meet Adorer's suit
Its tenderness impart;

XXI.

Yet still as each his vows prefer'd,
And quick dismissal met,
The generous Noble veil'd the cares
Her coldness did beget.

XXII.

The custom was in GALVAN's hall,
When each returning day,
In various kinds of manly sports,
Was chearful worn away;

XXIII.

To greet with many a dulcet strain
The evening's dusky hour;
And charm the stillness of the night,
With music's potent pow'r.

XXIV. Hence

XXIV.

Hence every guest whose happy frame
Kind Heav'n the temper fine
To feel th' expressive sounds had giv'n
Of harmony divine,

XXV.

Made, either with his vocal notes,
The vaulted ceiling ring,
Or swept, with many a concord sweet,
The lyre's enchanting string.

XXVI.

As warbling wood-larks answer sweet,
The tufted groves among,
While PHILOMELA to the moon
Chants her pathetic song :

XXVII.

So fair EDILDA's plaintive notes
Are heard transcending all ;
And so do EDWY's mellow tones
Swell sweetly through the hall.

XXVIII.

But when to her melodious voice
His pipe accords it's note,
And answers sweet, with melting strains,
The music of her throat :

XXIX.

Then harmony with rapture meets
Each fascinated ear,
And silence, from the curtain'd night,
Enchanted stoops to hear.

xxx. And

xxx.

And such their forms, and such their grace,
And such their skill, that he
APOLLO fitly had been deem'd,
And she CALLIOPE.

xxxI.

In England's court a Lord there was
Of great estate and fame,
Who high in EGBERT's favour dwelt,
And EDBALD was his name.

xxxII.

His age, the time when manhood firm
Has pass'd of youth the bloom,
Yet still doth promise many years
Of lustihood to come :

xxxIII.

His person portly, strong, and tall ;
His face was fiercely fair,
His graceful manners pleas'd, yet aw'd,
And haughty was his air :

xxxIV.

His nat'ral genius, quick and strong,
By skilful masters taught,
With knowledge far above his peers,
And wit, was amply fraught.

xxxV.

But what are all the gifts of Heav'n,
Improv'd with earthly art,
If reason and bright virtue bend,
And passion guides the heart ?

XXXVI.

Thus EDBALD, though supremely blest,
Disdaining reason's sway,
Obscur'd the fairest gifts of heav'n,
And tarnish'd virtue's ray.

XXXVII.

His heart impetuous, scornful, vain,
Could no controlment brook ;
And stormy passions oft his soul,
As with a whirlwind, shook.

XXXVIII.

Alas ! that over-weening pride
Should spoil a fruit so fair !
That ever passion shou'd deface
A gem, so rich and rare !

XXXIX.

Such EDBALD was, by all admir'd ;
Carefs'd, though fear'd by all ;
For still to favour, pow'r, and wealth,
Doth servile flatt'ry fall.

XL.

But few I ween to EDBALD's self,
Did pay the tribute fair
Of friendship, free from falshood's stain,
Of faith and love sincere.

XLI.

A spacious manor, seated near
To Severn's winding tide,
The haughty EDBALD had obtain'd
When noble ERPWALD dy'd :

D

XLII. For

XLII.

For ERPWALD, who his uncle was,
To all his fortunes fair,
Childless himself, had left of late
EDBALD the only heir.

XLIII.

Attended with a splended train
He quits the court a while ;
And, to possess the wealth bequeath'd,
Rides many a tedious mile :

XLIV.

By Severn's side his journey wends ;
And passing on his road,
He sudden came where GALVAN's tow'rs
With ample honours stood.

XLV.

The hour serene of evening mild,
The dazzling glare of day,
In soft and slow advancing shades,
Now silent stole away.

XLVI.

The noble paus'd, and to his squire
A quick commandment gives,
To ask what lord within those tow'rs
So fair and stately lives ?

XLVII.

He hies him instant to the gate,
And as the horn did sound,
Lord GALVAN's porters us'd their speed,
And instant gather'd round.

XLVIII. Soon

XLVIII.

Soon to the courteous question they
 An answer courteous gave :
 " The honour'd GALVAN dwelleth here,
 " Rich, noble, good, and brave !"

XLIX.

At GALVAN's name the Warrior's face
 A smile of pleasure wears ;
 For he the aged Lord had known,
 Ev'n from his earliest years.

L.

And often in his father's court,
 An infant yet in war,
 GALVAN his eager hand had taught,
 To wield the sword and spear.

LI.

" Return to honour'd GALVAN's gate ;"
 Unto his squires he cry'd,
 " And say, Earl EDBALD means this night
 " With GALVAN to abide."

LII.

And scarcely had the porters strong
 Wide set the lofty gate,
 When EDBALD on his courser gay
 Pranc'd proudly in thereat.

LIII.

And scarce the tidings of his guest
 Had noble GALVAN heard,
 Or ever at his portal fair
 The puissant guest appear'd.

LIV.

The ancient Hero, fill'd with joy,
The far-fam'd Warrior meets;
And with an open heart and arm
The honour'd Noble greets.

LV.

“ Welcome, thrice welcome,” loud he cry'd,
“ Is EDBALD to my hall !
“ Whatever chance has led thee here,
“ May fair that chance befall !

LVI.

“ And if my pow'r but mates my will,
“ Thy treatment here shall be
“ Worthy thy honour'd father's son,
“ And worthy, Lord, of thee.”

LVII.

Most graciously the valiant Earl
To GALVAN made reply ;
And much he thank'd his greetings kind,
And much his courtesy.

LVIII.

Thence to the hospitable hall
He pass'd with GALVAN straight,
Where many a Knight and Baron bold
In social converse sat.

LIX.

And there the sweet EDILDA too,
With other ladies fair,
As usual, at the dusky hour
Of eve, assembled were.

LX. With

LX.

With other ladies fair she sat ;
 But who, when she was by,
 On other beauties ever glanc'd
 With an approving eye ?

LXI.

The silver lyre, but lately mute,
 Within her lilly hand
 She lightly held ; while with his pipe,
 EDWY did graceful stand :

LXII.

And as the accents of her voice
 He modest seem'd to wait,
 On his fine face delight and love
 In glowing transports sat,

LXIII.

But soon as lofty EDBALD's steps
 Approach'd the circle fair,
 The whole assembly deftly rose
 To do him honour there,

LXIV.

With noble mien he courteous bows
 To each saluting guest,
 And for their courtesy, content
 And mickle thanks express'd.

LXV.

Lo ! GALVAN, who a moment past
 Had quitted EDBALD's side,
 The sweet EDILDA leads along,
 In all a father's pride !

LXVI.

To EDBALD he presents the maid :
 And as her accents sweet,
 With many a welcome, full, and fair,
 The noble Stranger greet ;

LXVII.

Astonishment and rapture high
 Were mingled in his look !
 And while she talk'd, he surely ween'd
 It was an angel spoke !

LXVIII.

His air so haughty vanish'd quick,
 As with an alter'd eye
 And soften'd voice, in gallant terms,
 He seemly made reply.

LXIX.

And whilst along the spacious hall,
 'Mid parted ranks they move ;
 He seems the stately God of War,
 And she the Queen of Love.

LXX.

By fair EDILDA seated close
 At GALVAN's plenteous board,
 A rich repast her thousand charms
 His dazzled eyes afford :

LXXI.

A rich repast her charms afford ;
 The while the various feast,
 And sparkling wines, before his eyes
 Are unregarded plac'd.

LXXII. But

LXXII.

But now the silver lyre he kens,
And asks EDILDA sweet,
If harmony's soft touches were
For her a pleasure meet?

LXXIII.

At her assent the silver lyre
He takes, and o'er its strings
His nimble hand, with magic touch,
A thousand changes rings.

LXXIV.

Loud and more loud the swelling chords
Now all majestic roll;
Soft and more soft now sink away,
And sooth, and melt the soul.

LXXV.

Upon his fingers finely strung
With harmony, the while
EDILDA's eyes were firmly fix'd
With many a raptur'd smile!

LXXVI.

EDILDA smil'd, and all approv'd
But one, whose love-sick heart
Seem'd from his bosom with her smiles
As ready to depart.

LXXVII.

For while the maid delighted heard
The skilful EDBALD play,
The jealous EDWY's wretched soul
In misery sunk away.

LXXVIII.

Upon his brows the cold drops hung,
And in his heaving breast
The lab'ring sigh, and quicken'd throb,
An anguish deep express'd.

LXXIX.

But soon by emulation stung,
While EDBALD all admir'd,
To win an equal palm of praise,
His spirit high aspir'd.

LXXX.

And to his wish the sounding lyre
No sooner silent stands,
Than EDWY tunes his mellow pipe
At GALVAN's kind commands.

LXXXI.

His pipe he tunes, and while each nerve
The jealous EDWY strains;
Unwonted tributes of applause
His new-born skill obtains.

LXXXII.

But EDBALD far above the rest
His high encomiums rung,
And wonder vast at EDWY's skill
Flow'd copious from his tongue.

LXXXIII.

And when he learnt who EDWY was,
Much marvell'd that his birth
Shou'd so, beyond compare, be found
Excell'd by wit and worth.

LXXXIV. And

LXXXIV.

And much his person he extoll'd ;
 And swore his virtues rare,
 And courtly manners, worthy well
 Of highest honours were.

LXXXV.

But what avail these praises now
 To EDWY's aching heart,
 Where fatal jealousy had fix'd,
 Unspy'd, her poison'd dart !

LXXXVI.

When silent sleep had every guest
 In filken slumbers laid,
 In vain his poppies he wou'd strew
 On EDWY's hapless head.

LXXXVII.

The conflict dire of passions strong
 That struggled in his breast ;
 His tortur'd soul and watchful eye
 Depriv'd of balmy rest.

LXXXVIII.

Awhile with inward groans he tofs'd,
 In deep and speechless woe ;
 Nor dar'd to probe the rankling wound,
 From whence such evils flow.

LXXXIX.

At last unable to contain
 The gust of grief, he cry'd,
 " Ah wou'd to God that EDWY ere
 " This fatal night had dy'd.

xc. " Ac's

XC.

“ Accursed be my feeble pipe
 “ That cou’d not once inspire
 “ The sweet regards, that waited still
 “ On EDBALD’s tuneful lyre.

XCI.

“ Ah ! what avails his hated praise,
 “ When sweet EDILDA’s smile,
 “ That wonted tribute to my lays,
 “ Which did my heart beguile,

XCII.

“ Unto his better, happier hand
 “ A higher tribute paid ;
 “ And round her lips, at EDBALD’s lays,
 “ So long, so sweetly play’d.

XCIII.

“ But wretched shepherd, why shou’dst thou
 “ Lament his sweeter strain ?
 “ And why, of bright EDILDA’s smiles
 “ Shou’d one like thee complain ?

XCIV.

“ What mad presumption thus thy heart,
 “ With impulse strange, doth move ?
 “ Ah ! can it be ! almighty powers !
 “ It is, it must be love !”

XCV.

This fatal truth so long conceal’d
 In EDWY’s secret breast,
 Too late disclos’d, with tenfold woe
 The wretched youth oppress.

xcvi. Im-

xcvi.

Impatient longings, fierce desires,
The throws of wild despair,
With jealousy's tormenting pangs,
Made dreadful havock there.

xcvii.

The alter'd EDWY, late the pride
Of GALVAN's crowded hall,
No longer answer'd jocund now
At mirth's convivial call:

xcviii.

The unfrequented path he sought,
And there he lov'd alone
To pour his sorrows on the earth,
And heave the bitter groan!

xcix.

While others still in various sports
Consum'd the chearful day,
To solitude and racking woe
He gave himself away.

c.

But now the hour of evening came,
Then what was EDWY's care?
How was his hapless bosom torn
By love, and by despair!

ci.

'Gainst nature still in hateful mirth
Constrain'd to bear a part;
Yet hear those notes, and meet those eyes,
That pierc'd him to the heart.

i

cii. But

CII.

But when at sweet EDILDA's word
The tuneful pipe he takes,
And with the music of her voice,
Soft melody awakes ;

CIII.

O then his gentle amorous heart
Feels most love's subtle fire ;
And while he plays, his very soul
Seems melting with desire.

CIV.

A change so great in one so lov'd,
Not long cou'd be conceal'd,
When pallid looks and spirits broke
The private pangs reveal'd.

CV.

Soon GALVAN, with a friendly care,
Intreats the drooping Swain
To say, what secret discontent
Or sickness caus'd his pain.

CVI.

What discontent in GALVAN's court,
So blest with GALVAN's love ?
He answers mild, " Can EDWY's heart
" With basest influence move ?

CVII.

" With lurking malady alone
" His grateful heart's oppress'd ;
" And ease and chearfulness are driven,
" With health, from EDWY's breast."

CVIII. The

CVIII.

The skilful leeches summon'd now,
 Their utmost aid impart ;
 But all in vain ! the evil lay
 Beyond the reach of art.

CIX.

Mean time the sweet EDILDA's eyes
 In EDWY's alter'd face,
 And languid spirit, quickly saw
 The fatal change there was.

CX.

She saw, and mourn'd ; for passing well
 She priz'd the gentle youth
 For pleasing converse, talents rare,
 For modesty and truth :

CXI.

And of his welfare she enquir'd
 Full oft, with tender care ;
 And watch'd his cheek, and griev'd to see
 The roses dying there.

CXII.

No more she joy'd to hear the lyre
 By EDBALD nimbly swept :
 And when he urg'd his tender suit,
 She only sigh'd and wept.

CXIII.

She sigh'd and wept ; for that she knew
 Her honour'd Father's heart,
 In EDBALD's vows, and EDBALD's pains,
 Still bore an anxious part.

CXIV. By

CXIV.

By love arrested, EDBALD's steps
 In GALVAN's court had stay'd ;
 And all his thoughts had center'd long
 In the enchanting maid.

CXV.

But fore the haughty Lord was touch'd,
 To find his proffer'd love
 In fair EDILDA's adverse breast
 No soft return cou'd move.

CXVI.

And oft indignant he had vow'd
 To pay her scorn with scorn :
 But still the pow'r of mighty love
 Such vows had overborn.

CXVII.

Convinc'd at last that all his pride
 To combat love was vain,
 He hopes, from time and tender care,
 His wishes to obtain.

CXVIII.

The generous GALVAN too, her heart
 By soothing soft wou'd move ;
 And mild persuasion's pow'rful voice,
 To smile on EDBALD's love.

CXIX.

Yet still the sweet determin'd maid
 Rejected all his pray'rs ;
 And closely press'd wou'd urge his vow,
 And blend it with her tears.

cxx. With

CXX.

With inward grief she mark'd the while
 Poor EDWY's fast decay ;
 And sigh'd to see so fair a flow'r
 So early fade away.

CXXI.

One evening as he trembling stood,
 And with his pipe so clear,
 Accompanied her melting notes,
 That all were charm'd to hear ;

CXXII.

The tears, unheeded, from his cheek
 Dropt frequent on the book
 Where sweet EDILDA's lovely eyes
 Attentively did look.

CXXIII.

She heard them fall, she saw them moist,
 Upon the notes she sung ;
 While pity throb'd within her breast,
 And trembled on her tongue :

CXXIV.

But ending now, she sudden turn'd
 With sweet and tender air,
 And pray'd, in whispers soft, to know
 The cause of EDWY's care.

CXXV.

“ Ask not,” he cry'd, “ the fatal cause
 “ From whence my sorrows flow.
 “ O! ask not what I ne'er must speak,
 “ Nor you shou'd ever know.”

CXXVI. He

CXXVI.

He added not, and from her turn'd,
 Distress'd, his glowing cheek,
 While soft involuntary sighs
 Her secret anguish speak.

CXXVII.

Yet still th' emotion soft to hide,
 She us'd her utmost care :
 Nor dar'd once question her fond heart,
 What tumults wrestled there.

CXXVIII.

A custom was in EGBERT's court,
 When bloody wars did cease,
 And doughty warriors arms were laid
 Upon the lap of peace ;

CXXIX.

Left warlike arms and pow'rs should rust,
 To mark the list'd field
 Where Heroes, fam'd for val'rous deeds,
 The glittering lance might wield.

CXXX.

Nor fame alone, nor love of arms,
 Their beating bosoms fir'd,
 A softer passion oft their hearts
 More ardently inspir'd.

CXXXI.

Hence many a Knight and Baron bold,
 Had borne the envied prize,
 Encourag'd by th' approving glance
 Of some soft beauty's eyes.

CXXXII. But

CXXXII.

But still within the listèd field,
For prowess none cou'd dare
With noble EDBALD's matchless might
Presumptuous to compare.

CXXXIII.

Lo ! at his wish his noble host
Invites, both far and nigh,
Each valiant Knight and Baron bold
To deeds of Chivalry.

CXXXIV.

For EDBALD held a secret hope,
That with high deeds of fame,
His arm in sweet EDILDA's breast,
Might rouse the sleeping flame.

CXXXV.

The Heralds soon to all around,
The tidings loud declare ;
And say, " the Victor's choice rewards
" With honour great shall wear.

CXXXVI.

" The first in might EDILDA's hand
" A costly sword shall give,
" With golden hilt of curious work.
" The second shall receive

CXXXVII.

" A brighter polish'd ebon bow,
" With silver ringlets grac'd ;
" And in the bow a taper shaft
" Of silver featly plac'd."

E CXXXVIII. Quickly

CXXXVIII.

Quickly doth many a Warrior brave
His goodly arms prepare ;
And weens with glory in the lists,
To poise the pond'rous spear.

CXXXIX.

But EDBALD, far beyond them all,
His anxious cares addrest ;
For valour, glory, pride, and love,
All burnt within his breast.

CXL.

The rosy morn now blushes bright,
When many a deed of fame,
Emblazon'd fair in honour's field,
Shall grace the Hero's name.

CXLI.

The space is mark'd, the seats are fix'd ;
And soon the ladies fair,
A goodly train ! in bright array,
Assembling, rested there.

CXLII.

With GALVAN sat the Lords and Knights,
Whose valour feeble age
Forbad the glorious tournament
With vigorous youth to wage.

CXLIII.

High in the centre, underneath
A gorgeous canopy,
The fair EDILDA charm'd each heart,
And dazzl'd every eye.

CXLIV. Sweet

CXLIV.

Sweet wreaths of roses bind her hair
 With many a fragrant twine,
 And purple robes, and jewels bright,
 To deck her charms combine.

CXLV.

Than purple robes, or jewels bright,
 Her charms more shining far ;
 Nor could the roses with her cheeks,
 Nor with her breath compare !

CXLVI.

Upon her knees the bow was laid,
 One Victor's fair reward ;
 And in her hand she graceful held
 The costly glittering sword.

CXLVII.

Yet pensive languors somewhat dull'd
 The brightness of her eye ;
 And oft her snowy breast appear'd
 To heave a gentle sigh.

CXLVIII.

For wretched EDWY's mournful words,
 Still sounded in her ear ;
 And much she mourn'd, where glory call'd,
 That EDWY was not there.

CXLIX.

His absence mourn'd from honour's field ;
 But more the cankering tooth
 Of sorrow, that withheld him thence,
 And blighted fore his youth.

CL.

The trumpets sound, the barriers ope ;
And in the lists appear
Full many a Champion, mounted bold
Upon his courser fair.

CLI.

Their armour shines, they point the lance,
Their nimble coursers bound ;
And with a firm and warlike air
They prance the lists around.

CLII.

Forthwith a Pageantry most rare
Engages every eye,
Where Arms, and Steeds, and Warriors shew
With mickle bravery.

CLIII.

A gallant Champion heads the train,
Upon a milk-white steed,
Whose gilded trappings glitter bright
About his tossing head.

CLIV.

And now his arched neck he bows
On his broad bosom fair,
Now proudly snorting champs his bit,
And snuffs the ambient air.

CLV.

His eager eye-balls glow with fire,
And while he thunders round,
His golden shoes, with paces high,
Spurn as they touch the ground.

CLVI.

His armour splendid was to view
Of polish'd steel and gold ;
And with a mighty hand he still
His fiery steed controul'd.

CLVII.

Upon his polish'd helmet high
The spangled plumage shone ;
And flowing half way down his back,
Wav'd sparkling to the sun.

CLVIII.

Upon his Shield, in rare device,
Was seen a Painting brave,
Where Love, the Palm of Valour to
A kneeling Warrior gave.

CLIX.

Above, in golden letters bright,
These words were seen the while ;
“ Love, thou art just !” and these beneath,
“ I conquer by thy smile.”

CLX.

A numerous train his steps attend,
And round the lifted field,
In shining pairs behind him rank'd,
A goodly prospect yield.

CLXI.

But as the Warrior past the place
Where sweet EDILDA shone,
With couched lance, in fair salute,
He graceful bow'd him down :

CLXII.

And as the beaver he did lift,
His face was well descry'd ;
And EDBALD's high renowned name
Was heard on every side.

CLXIII.

The trumpets found a sprightly charge,
The Tilters take their stand,
And wait with ardent throbbing breasts,
The clarion's last command.

CLXIV.

It shrilly sounds ; and now amain,
Along the quaking ground,
The champions rush ; they furious clash ;
And clanging arms resound.

CLXV.

Full many a Warrior of renown
On that redoubted day,
With batter'd mail, and bruised limbs,
In dust did groveling lay.

CLXVI.

But still above each Tilter brave,
Earl EDBALD glorious shone ;
And each encounter more declar'd
The envied prize his own,

CLXVII.

At length, as round he proudly wheel'd
With fierce and scornful air,
He ween'd that no advent'rous Knight
Would further contest dare.

CLXVIII. But

CLXVIII.

But vainly ween'd ! for once again
The martial trumpets found ;
And once again a rival Knight
Appear'd within the bound.

CLXIX.

And much his form, and motions much,
Attracted every eye ;
And in his mien a spirit rare,
And grace, one might espy.

CLXX.

Upon a coal-black steed he rode,
That like the ebon shone ;
And all his armour wore the face
Of one quite woe begone.

CLXXI.

For all of black his armour was,
But where upon his breast,
A burning heart, quite pierced through,
His malady exprest.

CLXXII.

And round the heart, in curious guise,
This motto did appear
In flaming letters, portray'd bright ;
“ I love, and I despair !”

CLXXIII.

The clarions sound,—like rushing winds
The coursers wing their way ;
And at their mighty shock each breast
Is fill'd with strange dismay ;

CLXXIV.

At the fierce stroke of EDBALD's spear,
The fable Warrior reel'd,
But with his blow the puissant Earl
Lay stretch'd upon the field.

CLXXV.

Each bosom at the Hero's might,
Is fill'd with vast surprise,
And long applauses eccho round,
And rend the vaulted skies.

CLXXVI.

Another and another yet,
Within the dusty field,
The fable Warrior's thundering arm
Reluctant forc'd to yield.

CLXXVII.

At length, to hail the trumpet's voice,
Thrice sounding far and near,
No Champion to contest the prize
Of valour, durst appear.

CLXXVIII.

To sweet EDILDA's judgment seat,
The Victor now they lead,
Where of his prowess, from her hand,
He kneeling takes the meed.

CLXXIX.

And while the costly glittering sword
She graciously bestows ;
" May this," she cried, " defend thee still,
" And still offend thy foes !"

CLXXX. The

CLXXX.

The Warrior bow'd with mickle grace ;
And as he touch'd her hand,
No longer could his lab'ring breast
Its fervours strong command.

CLXXXI.

" All honour'd maid !" (in transports lost)
" By thy dear hand," he cry'd,
" While life remains this envied sword
" Shall honour EDWY's fide."

CLXXXII.

The words were past without recall ;
Deep blushes warm her cheek,
While from her faint and flatt'ring tongue,
These trembling accents break :

CLXXXIII.

" Why EDWY, why dost thou persist
" To wound my tender heart ?—
" But time is short ; hence, quickly hence ;
" Unseen, unheard, depart."

CLXXXIV.

Her anxious mind was troubled sore,
Lest e'er it should appear
That noble EDBALD was o'erthrown
By lowly EDWY's spear.

CLXXXV.

" Fear not," in whispers soft, he cried,
" That EDWY shall be known
" To any eye that views him here
" But thine, sweet maid, alone."

CLXXXVI. Nor

CLXXXVI.

Nor had EDILDA EDWY found,
But that his treach'rous tongue,
And treacherous heart, the purpos'd cloud
Dispell'd, that round him hung,

CLXXXVII.

With low obeisance, sighing, now
He quits EDILDA's feet,
And, like a shadow, from the lists,
Unknown, doth swiftly fleet.

CLXXXVIII.

EDBALD the while, whose haughty soul
Was fill'd with rage and shame,
Curses the arm whose deadly force
Had sullied his bright fame.

CLXXXIX.

Behold, with fierce indignant mien,
Sunk eye, and low'ring brows,
To meet the second prize decreed,
Before the maid he bows,

CXC.

The ebon bow she graceful gives,
And arrow straight and fair;
And soothing tells how much the prize
Beneath his merits are,

CXCI.

" The prize by thy beloved hand
" Is precious made," he cry'd ;
" But ere Earl EDBALD saw this day,
" 'Twere better he had dy'd.

CXCII. " Since

CXCII.

“ Since, at the hour when most he wish’d
 “ Bright Fame to bear away,
 “ At that accursed hour alone,
 “ His laurels knew decay.

CXCIII.

“ O ! let this hand the champion meet
 “ Once more, ye Powers above !
 “ Then mortal conflict shall the force
 “ Of EDBALD’s vengeance prove.

CXCIV.

“ Then what it is to rouse my rage,
 “ The trembling wretch shall find ;
 “ Then shall his blood, to heal my fame,
 “ Be scatter’d to the wind.”

CXCV.

Forthwith the whole assembly rose,
 And willing turn’d their feet
 Where GALVAN’s tables (lordly spread)
 The harafs’d spirits greet.

CXCVI.

And there around the spicy bowls
 They social chat away,
 According to their several thoughts,
 The fortunes of the day.

CXCVII.

But still the valiant Stranger’s name
 All curious are to know ;
 And still from each impartial tongue
 His well-earn’d praises flow.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

P A R T III.

I.

EDWY the while apart retir'd,
His lonely pillow prest,
A thousand cares distracting wide
The empire of his breast.

II.

A secret joy doth each kind look,
And every gracious word
Of sweet EDILDA, in the lists,
His musing mind afford.

III.

Her soft confusion, tender fears,
In dear rememb'rance rise ;
And Hope begins to warm his cheek,
And sparkle in his eyes.

IV.

But scarce she flashes through the night,
That hangs about his heart,
Ere fell Despair the welcome guest
Obliges to depart.

V.

“ Presumptuous wretch !” he sighing cries,
“ What madness thus can move
“ Thy soul to harbour but a thought
“ Of bright EDILDA's love !

VI. “ The

VI.

- “ The generous maid’s emotions soft,
 “ From pity rose alone;
 “ Though by that pity EDWY’s heart
 “ Is but the more undone.

VII.

- “ Or should a phrensy, like thy own,
 “ Her tender breast beguile,
 “ On EDWY’s ill-condition’d love
 “ To cast a fav’ring smile;

VIII.

- “ Cou’dst thou, ungenerous! from the height
 “ Where brightly she doth shine,
 “ Wish to debase the noble Maid
 “ To such a state as thine?

IX.

- “ Cou’dst thou, ungenerous youth! consent
 “ From honour to depart,
 “ In GALVAN’s breast a viper prove,
 “ And sting him to the heart?

X.

- “ Let Gratitude the monstrous thought
 “ Within thy breast controul;
 “ And every noble impulse drive
 “ Such baseness from thy soul.

XI.

- “ No! tortur’d as this bosom is,
 “ Yet EDWY still shall be
 “ Virtuous, amidst the worst extremes
 “ Of all his misery!”

XII. The

XII.

The generous purpose seems awhile
His anguish to appease ;
And scatters through his bosom's gloom
A few bright rays of peace :

XIII.

For lovely innocence alone
The talent rare doth know,
To lighten, with a radiant smile,
The dark abyss of woe.

XIV.

But quick the momentary gleam
From EDWY's bosom fleets ;
And EDBALD, like a fiend of hell,
His wild idea meets.

XV.

Frantic, he cries, " Can EDWY's soul
" That dreadful moment bear,
" When EDBALD's bliss shall drive it on
" To tortures and despair !

XVI.

" Yet, why shou'd this ungenerous heart
" Repine at EDBALD's bliss ?
" Why the poor wreck shou'd that destroy,
" Of EDWY's shatter'd peace ?

XVII.

" His pow'r, his honours, wealth, and worth,
" His person, his high name ;
" All, all to sweet EDILDA's hand,
" A title large proclaim.

XVIII. " Why,

XVIII.

- “ Why, why then did my jealous soul,
 “ Vain to subdue his might,
 “ In secret seek the lifted field,
 “ Beneath the mask of night ?

XIX.

- “ Did not that veil a purpose dark
 “ To every heart betray ?
 “ Else why disguis'd should EDWY shun
 “ The tell-tale eye of day ?

XX.

- “ Why proudly did I wish to shine
 “ In sweet EDILDA's eyes ?
 “ Why from her noble Suitor wish
 “ Basely to win the prize ?

XXI.

- “ Why does the bold ungenerous deed,
 “ Not now displease my heart ?
 “ And why the Warrior's sullied fame
 “ An envious joy impart ?

XXII.

- “ O let me haste from GALVAN's court,
 “ The spoiler to remove,
 “ That blights the wishes of his heart,
 “ And cankers EDBALD's love !

XXIII.

- “ Then shall EDILDA's kinder eye
 “ Her worthier Lover bless ;
 “ And noble GALVAN's generous soul
 “ Its whole desire possess.

XXIV.

“ Yet once again, before my heart
 “ In solitude forlorn,
 “ Th’ eternal loss of all it loves
 “ Shall unremitting mourn ;

XXV.

“ Yet once again, EDILDA’s charms
 “ Shall bless poor EDWY’s fight,
 “ Before his eye-lids wish to close
 “ In everlasting night.

XXVI.

“ O ! may the Pow’rs above for her
 “ A happier lot prepare !
 “ O ! may she ne’er, like EDWY, know
 “ To love, and to despair !”

XXVII.

The hapless Youth in useless plaints,
 Thus past the night away ;
 And rose, dispirited and pale,
 At morn’s returning ray.

XXVIII.

In happier days, when halcyon peace
 The gliding moments blest,
 Nor EDWY kenn’d the lurking shaft
 That rankled in his breast :

XXIX.

At times, beneath a blooming bow’r,
 That hid the eye of day,
 At sweet EDILDA’s bidding he
 His tuneful pipe wou’d play.

xxx, ‘Midst

XXX.

'Midst summer's heats EDILDA still
The pastime much approv'd ;
And who can doubt that what she lik'd
Th' empassion'd EDWY lov'd ?

XXXI.

A winding row of fringed elms
Led to the cool retreat,
Whose rugged trunks were circled by
The pea and woodbine sweet.

XXXII.

The bow'r itself, a little heav'n
Of various sweets compose,
Where jasmines and the fragrant brier
Wou'd emulate the rose.

XXXIII.

Nor eglantines were wanting there,
Nor myrtles odorous green,
Which form'd a seemly contrast to
The flow'rs that blush'd between.

XXXIV.

Sweet flowrets of a thousand dyes,
Enamell'd o'er the ground,
And with the bower's soft perfume vy'd
To scent the air around.

XXXV.

Here each plum'd warbler of the grove,
With envy stretch'd his throat
To rival EDWY's dulcet strains,
With many a liquid note.

F

xxxvi. While

XXXVI.

While the clear brook, that winding flow'd
Beside the calm retreat,
Its lulling gurglings join'd to form
A music strangely sweet.

XXXVII.

Not Eden's self a fairer spot
Could boast 'midst all her bow'rs,
What time calm innocence slept soft
On beds of fragrant flow'rs.

XXXVIII.

The hapless EDWY, at the hour
Of fresh and dewy morn,
To this sequester'd spot his steps
Unweeingly did turn.

XXXIX.

Unweeingly his steps he turn'd ;
For lost in woe, his mind
Rul'd not his feet, which thither but
From habitude inclin'd.

XL.

Not so EDILDA, who had ris'n
At earliest dawn of day,
And to the bow'r, with purpos'd step,
Had softly sped away.

XLI.

Unto her favourite bow'r she sped ;
For there she thought alone,
Unseen, unheard, to drop the tear,
And heave th' unstinted groan.

XLII. A sad

XLII.

A sad constraint the evening past,
Her tender heart had found,
Which labour'd with a load of grief
Amidst the mirth around.

XLIII.

Each ardent glance of EDBALD's eye,
Shot poison in her breast;
And new disgust deform'd each word
He tenderly address'd.

XLIV.

But when the sounds of EDWY's praise
Ran murmuring through the hall,
The joy that thrill'd through every vein,
Confess'd her bosom's thrall.

XLV.

Too well she gather'd whence her heart
Such jarring passions move;
Felt those were born of bitter hate,
And these of gentle love.

XLVI.

In vain, beneath the cope of night,
Her downy couch she press'd;
Long had it lost its filken pow'r
To seal her eyes in rest.

XLVII.

Yet still in silence she endur'd;
Nor, though she felt the smart,
Dar'd from her breast attempt to tear
The deep inflicted dart:

XLVIII.

So some poor wretch a barbed shaft
 Bears from the mortal fray ;
 Yet from his bosom fears to draw
 What drinks his life away.

XLIX.

Upon th' enamell'd turf she lay,
 Within the fragrant bow'r ;
 Of all the lovely flow'rs around,
 Herself the loveliest flow'r.

L.

Her loosen'd robes had careless left
 Her bosom quite reveal'd,
 Had not the tresses copious flow'd,
 And half its snow conceal'd.

LI.

Yet now and then a whispering breeze
 O'er the light locks would blow,
 Bewraying through their filky threads
 The paradise below.

LII.

Upon her elbow pensively
 The beauteous maiden leant ;
 Her lilly hand upheld her head :
 The while her eyes were bent

LIII.

Upon the fatal book, which still
 In one well-noted place,
 With hapless Edwy's frequent tears,
 All stain'd and blotted was.

LIV.

And as the dear yet dreaded page,
Her sad eyes ponder'd o'er :
A thousand tears did quickly fall,
Where one had fall'n before.

LV.

Upon the moment EDWY's feet
Approach'd the weeping Fair ;
And much his wonder was to see
Her beauties resting there.

LVI.

A thousand wild and clashing thoughts
His beating bosom move,
Divided 'twixt desire and fear,
'Twixt reverence and love.

LVII.

But what affliction rives his heart,
When the sweet maid appears,
As nigh he steals, with faded cheek,
And all dissolv'd in tears !

LVIII.

What strong emotions heav'd his breast!
As movingly she cry'd,
“ Ere EDWY came, O ! would to God
“ EDILDA thou hadst dy'd !”

LIX.

No more his agonizing heart
Its passions cou'd command,
Before her feet he cast him down ;
And while he touch'd her hand,

LX.

“ O ! would to God,” he sobbing cried,
 “ That EDWY on his bier
 “ Had cold been stretch’d, or e’er he cost
 “ Those lovely eyes one tear !”

LXI.

Astonish’d to behold the youth,
 EDILDA instant rose ;
 Blushing, as when the dewy morn
 With humid lustre glows.

LXII.

And as the pearly drops that fell
 Down her warm cheek, she dried ;
 With sweet, and yet majestic air,
 Thus gracefully reply’d :

LXIII.

“ Rise, EDWY, rise, unhappy Youth !
 “ And since by chance alone,
 “ My tongue impell’d hath weetless made
 “ My guarded passion known ;

LXIV.

“ EDILDA scorns beneath deceit
 “ Her sentiments to hide ;
 “ Nor would a refuge meanly seek,
 “ From bashfulness or pride.

LXV.

“ Yes, EDWY, yes, this throbbing heart
 “ Feels all thy merits rare.
 “ Upon this bosom all thy charms
 “ Too deeply graven are.

LXVI. “ Yet

LXVI.

“ Yet if EDILDA well thou know’st,
 “ A thought will never be
 “ Inspir’d of this, unworthy her,
 “ Nor yet unworthy thee.

LXVII.

“ Then fearless tell the tender tale
 “ That throbs within thy breast ;
 “ So, with the temper of thy love,
 “ Its worth shall stand confess’d.

LXVIII.

“ O ! much EDILDA’s thoughts have err’d,
 “ If aught is there conceal’d,
 “ That to the world’s malignant eye
 “ Might dread to be reveal’d.”

LXIX.

“ Transcendent maid !” the youth return’d,
 “ There wanted only this
 “ Quite to destroy the poor remains
 “ Of wretched EDWY’s peace !

LXX.

“ Alas ! had Love his deadly shaft
 “ Fix’d in my breast alone ;
 “ I still, amidst my sharpest pangs,
 “ A gleam of joy had known.

LXXI.

“ At distance still my soul had dwelt
 “ On sweet EDILDA’s bliss ;
 “ And from her day of joy deriv’d
 “ Some glimmerings of peace.

LXXII.

“ Yes, noble Maid, from the first hour
 “ These eyes beheld thy charms,
 “ My beating bosom surely felt
 “ The force of love’s alarms.

LXXIII.

“ Yet, unexperienc’d as I was,
 “ I knew not my own heart,
 “ Till lynx-ey’d jealousy at length
 “ Betray’d the lurking dart.

LXXIV.

“ From that sad moment was my soul
 “ A prey to dire despair,
 “ The while my alter’d cheek confess’d
 “ Some mischief struggled there.

LXXV.

“ Alas ! ’twas this, and this alone,
 “ The purpose wild cou’d move,
 “ To rend from noble EDBALD’s hand,
 “ The envied prize of Love.

LXXVI.

“ But when upon my secret bed
 “ My motives lay reveal’d ;
 “ Nor longer could my inmost soul,
 “ Be from my eye conceal’d.

LXXVII.

“ Then, then my jealousy shew’d rank
 “ Beneath the conscious night ;
 “ And all my mad presumption stood
 “ Confess’d before my sight.

LXXVIII. “ And

LXXVIII.

“ And whilst ingratitude and art,
 “ With envy, dark and foul,
 “ Too plain I saw, their dwelling had
 “ In my polluted soul.

LXXIX.

“ With horror struck, I firmly swore
 “ The spoiler to remove,
 “ That blasted noble GALVAN's peace,
 “ And canker'd EDBALD's love.

LXXX.

“ Hence did my steps bewilder'd tread,
 “ At morning's dewy hour ;
 “ And hence, unweetingly, they stray'd,
 “ Beside this fragrant bow'r.

LXXXI.

“ O ! never more beneath its shade,
 “ Shall happy EDWY play,
 “ With jocund pipe, at thy behest,
 “ The noontide hour away.

LXXXII.

“ Nor ever at the close of eve,
 “ By fair EDILDA's side,
 “ Shall EDWY swell, to mate her voice,
 “ His notes with mickle pride.

LXXXIII.

“ The hours of peace for ever fled ;
 “ To rocks and woods alone
 “ His griefs shall flow ; and there, at last,
 “ In peace shall lay him down.

LXXXIV. “ Yet

LXXXIV.

“ Yet ’midst the throes of fell despair,
 “ His heart a joy would prove,
 “ To know thy bosom felt no more
 “ The pangs of hopeless love.”

LXXXV.

His tears and sighs now choak’d his speech,
 The while EDILDA’s soul
 Its vast conflicting passions seem’d
 Unequal to controul.

LXXXVI.

At length with fervor she reply’d,
 While down her lovely face,
 The silent tears, in bursting drops,
 Each other swiftly chace :

LXXXVII.

“ Nobly hath EDWY to my soul
 “ His worthiness approv’d ;
 “ And justify’d EDILDA’s heart,
 “ In stooping where it lov’d.

LXXXVIII.

“ Yes, EDWY ! now with pride my tongue
 “ Its passion shall confess,
 “ Though that ill-fated passion sure
 “ No fav’ring star will bless.

LXXXIX.

“ For well my noble Father’s worth,
 “ Yet well his pride I know ;
 “ Full well I ken the debt to him,
 “ And to myself I owe.

xc. “ He.

XC.

“ He never in the hour of care
 “ Shall curse EDILDA’s name,
 “ For fullying, with unequal bands,
 “ The lustre of his fame.

XCI.

“ Nor shall his blood, so highly priz’d,
 “ I swear by duty ! be,
 “ Whatever misery is my doom,
 “ Dishonour’d first in me.

XCII.

“ Yet think not thy EDILDA’s heart
 “ Inconstant e’er will prove ;
 “ Think not this bosom will abjure
 “ Who warm’d it first to love.

XCIII.

“ Never shall haughty EDBALD’s ear
 “ This soft confession know ;
 “ Nor ever at the altar’s foot,
 “ To Hymen will I bow.

XCIV.

“ Enough is given to cruel pride,
 “ And duty too severe ;
 “ No rival ever shall supplant
 “ Thy lovely image here.”

XCV.

She ceas’d. He sighing, thus return’d :
 “ Dear, charming, generous Fair !
 “ The tribute thou wou’dst pay my love,
 “ Far too exalted were.

xcvi. “ Re-

XCVI.

“ Recall thy vow : Thy Father’s years
 “ Let thy fair offspring charm ;
 “ And may their growing virtues still
 “ His aged bosom warm.

XCVII.

“ O ! let not, for a wretch like me,
 “ A race so noble cease ;
 “ O ! lay thy Father’s silver hairs
 “ Within the grave in peace.

XCVIII.

“ I ask but this !—to kiss thy hand
 “ Before I wretched go
 “ For ever hence !” Soft she replied,
 “ Fond lovers part not so.

XCIX.

“ Upon my lips thy last adieu
 “ Most freely shalt thou seal ;
 “ And on these faithful lips, till death,
 “ Those dear adieu shall dwell.

C.

“ In vain thy gentle, generous soul
 “ My fix’d resolves would move :
 “ No other tongue shall charm my ear,
 “ Or sooth my heart to love.”

CI.

On her soft lips the trembling lips
 Of EDWY gently dwell ;
 And thence with many a pressure sweet,
 Take many a sweet farewell.

CII. “ O !

CII.

“ O ! dear-lov'd youth,” she weeping cry'd,
 “ Why should we ever part ?
 “ But it must be ; yet still with thee
 “ Shall dwell EDILDA's heart.”

CIII.

Then mingling kisses, tears, and sighs,
 One last adieu they take,
 And from each other's circling arms,
 In speechless sorrow break.

CIV.

Unto her couch, half dead with grief,
 The sweet EDILDA stole ;
 And there in private utter'd all
 The anguish of her soul.

CV.

Poor EDWY by a different path
 Fast to his chamber hies ;
 And there awhile upon his bed,
 Quite lost in sorrow, lies.

CVI.

A chosen friend he searches now,
 And to his faithful breast,
 With many a pity-moving sigh,
 His wretched state confess'd.

CVII.

Then begs a rough disguise, ere morn,
 His friendship wou'd supply ;
 In which, unheeded, he might pass
 From every prying eye.

CVIII. For

CVIII.

For ere the silent shades of night
Were wholly past away,
He meant from noble GALVAN's court
Eternally to stray.

CIX.

A letter too he prays his friend
Wou'd give to GALVAN's hand,
What time he aught of EDWY's health,
Should on the morn demand.

CX.

For still the grateful Baron's heart
Had shewn affection fair
To the sad youth, and made his health
The subject of his care.

CXI.

The generous OSRED freely swore,
His friendship should fulfil,
With care exact, the utmost scope
Of honour'd EDWY's will.

CXII.

And much his fortune he deplores,
And much laments to see
His fair estate so soon destroy'd
By love's severe decree.

CXIII.

For GALVAN now the hapless youth,
With trembling hand, prepares
This sad epistle, which he bath'd,
While writing, with his tears.

CXIV. " From

CXIV.

“ From GALVAN’s court, by fortune hard,
 “ For ever forc’d to wend ;
 “ O ! let not GALVAN’s gen’rous soul,
 “ The strange resolve offend.

CXV.

“ Nor let his kindness ever seek
 “ The cause of EDWY’s woe ;
 “ Which fits not, or his pen to write,
 “ Nor GALVAN’s heart to know.

CXVI.

“ Yet ’midst the shades of solitude,
 “ And pangs of wild despair,
 “ A grateful sense of GALVAN’s love
 “ Shall EDWY’s bosom bear.

CXVII.

“ Nor from that love, nor these blest’d seats,
 “ Would EDWY e’er depart ;
 “ But that he dreads to plunge a sword
 “ In noble GALVAN’s heart.

CXVIII.

“ O ! may that godlike heart ne’er feel
 “ The pangs of deep distress ;
 “ But from the gracious hand of Heaven
 “ Its whole desire possess !”

CXIX.

Scarce was the cruel task perform’d,
 Ere one his chamber sought ;
 Who from the aged Warrior’s self
 This friendly message brought :

CXX.

“ The gallant EDWY well belov’d,
 “ May every good befall !
 “ His presence much doth GALVAN wish
 “ To grace the mirthful hall.”

CXXI.

“ All honour to the noble Lord,”
 The fighting youth return’d ;
 And his forc’d absence from the hall
 By adverse sickness mourn’d.

CXXII.

The answer all unwelcome was
 To generous GALVAN’s ear ;
 And much the sickly youth he wail’d
 To all that round him were.

CXXIII.

From thence occasion fair he took,
 Upon th’ ensuing morn,
 To wish the pleasures of the chase,
 With merry hound and horn.

CXXIV.

To wish the pleasures of the chase,
 Within the self-same wood,
 Where first he in his deep distress
 The gallant Shepherd view’d.

CXXV.

For still the spot, with mickle pride,
 The Noble lov’d to trace ;
 And to his honour’d guest would fain,
 Bewray the noted place.

CXXVI. The

CXXVI.

The fair EDILDA too he vows,
To pleasure EDBALD's heart,
Shall in the coming morning's sports,
Bear an unwonted part.

CXXVII.

Nor she dissents; for oft her breast
A secret wish had held,
To view the spot where EDWY's hand
The furious wolf had quell'd.

CXXVIII.

What, though for ever from her sight
The Youth was forc'd to fly,
She knew the place that grac'd his name,
Must gratify her eye.

CXXIX.

Mean time the trusty OSRED's hand
The rustic garb prepares;
Which to his friend, with falling night,
Though loth, he safely bears.

CXXX.

Just as her sable veil was ting'd
With twilights sober ray,
Clad like a goatherd, with his pipe
Poor EDWY stole away.

CXXXI.

His favour high, and fortunes fair,
Fair robes, and arms, forsakes;
Save that beneath his homely coat
The valued sword he takes.

G

CXXXII. For

CXXXII.

For what was favour now to him ?
Or what his fortunes fair ?
EDILDA lost ! the world had been
No object worth his care.

CXXXIII.

From noble GALVAN's lofty gate
Reluctantly he wends ;
And to the aged HILDA's farm
His heavy travel bends.

CXXXIV.

For still to HILDA, 'midst his state,
All honour he had paid ;
Nor had his heart with fortune's smiles,
From duty ever stray'd.

CXXXV.

And though he wish'd to wander far
From scenes of former bliss,
He meant to pause till silent death,
Had seal'd her eyes in peace.

CXXXVI.

Not long the Sun's refulgent beams
Had gladden'd Nature's face,
Ere wretched EDWY's weary feet
Their native woodlands trace.

CXXXVII.

Then as the steepy rock he view'd
That nodded o'er the plain,
Where he was wont, in happier days,
To pipe his careless strain ;

CXXXVIII. A thou-

CXXXVIII.

A thousand fond ideas rush
 Upon his lab'ring soul ;
 And for awhile, with magic power,
 His wandering steps controul.

CXXXIX.

" Ah ! would to God my heart," he cried,
 " A joy had never known,
 " Passing what yon sequester'd shade,
 " And steepy rock have shown !

CXL.

" Ah ! would to God, with calm content,
 " I thither now cou'd stray ;
 " And reckless of the pangs of love,
 " Pass with my pipe the day.

CXLI.

" E'en yet, forlorn as EDWY is,
 " His steps once more shall trace,
 " And weary body rest once more
 " Upon the well-known place."

CXLII.

So some unhappy spright at times
 From its dark prison wends,
 And to the scenes of former bliss
 Its course at midnight bends.

CXLIII.

But vainly EDWY strives to rest
 Beneath the once-lov'd shade ;
 The pleasant spot his grief had now
 A dreary desert made.

CXLIV.

Ah ! deadly potency of grief,
Which every object fair,
'Gainst Nature, its own gloomy face
Can still compel to wear.

CXLV.

Not long the hapless youth had wept
Beneath the beeches shade,
Ere oft-repeated shrieks he heard
Pierce through the neighb'ring glade.

CXLVI.

Sunk as he was in bitter woe,
Yet still his generous heart
Stood ready, when distress implor'd,
Its succour to impart.

CXLVII.

Instant he rushes to the path
That opens through the wood ;
Ah ! what a spectacle of woe
His eyes that instant view'd !

CXLVIII.

A fiery courser from her seat
A lady gay had thrown ;
Who hanging by the tender foot,
He dragg'd remorseless on.

CXLIX.

And while he furious drove between
The thick surrounding wood,
Her pallid face, and flowing hair,
Were all imbru'd with blood.

CL.

A fight so sad the hardest heart
 Had sure to pity turn'd ;
 What then did EDWY's feel, which still
 Had with the mourner mourn'd ?

CLI.

As quick as thought he cross'd and check'd
 The wild impetuous steed,
 And from her dreadful bondage soon
 The hopeless lady freed.

CLII.

But sure th' emotions of his soul
 No language can express,
 When all EDILDA's charms appear'd
 Upon the fair one's face.

CLIII.

Nor less did her astonish'd heart
 With pow'rful feelings beat,
 When in a goatherd's garb she saw
 Young EDWY at her feet.

CLIV.

Upon his breast her lovely head
 He laid with tender care,
 And trembling wip'd away the blood
 That soil'd her face and hair.

CLV.

And while he wip'd the clotted gore,
 Almost expir'd with fear,
 Lest underneath some deadly gash
 Should suddenly appear.

CLVI.

But though full many a ruthless bruise
And bleeding scratch he found ;
His heart was comforted to learn
There was no mortal wound.

CLVII.

With sweet confusion, fear, and love,
The blushing Beauty lay,
And seem'd on EDWY's panting breast,
To figh her soul away.

CLVIII.

And while he gently sooth'd her soul,
" O ! would to God," she said,
" That EDWY was of noble birth,
" Or I some lowly maid !

CLIX.

" O ! would to God this throbbing heart
" Its gratitude could prove,
" And shew it values not the world
" Compar'd with EDWY's love !"

CLX.

Just as the words escap'd her lips,
From out a thicket by,
The haughty EDBALD fiercely rush'd
With peril in his eye.

CLXI.

When the sweet Maid's impetuous steed
That morning he beheld
Affrighted by a passing hare,
Fly swiftly o'er the field ;

CLXII. In-

CLXII.

Intent to rescue what he lov'd,
The courser he pursu'd,
But lost awhile his track amidst
The lab'rinth of the wood.

CLXIII.

" Die, base-born slave !" he scornful cry'd,
" Who dar'st exalt thine eyes
" To what the monarchs of the earth
" Might deem a noble prize."

CLXIV.

Then at the Youth, surpris'd, unarm'd,
His spear he basely push'd ;
But miss'd his aim, while on his throat
The nimble EDWY rush'd.

CLXV.

Quick with a strenuous griping hand
He wrench'd the spear away,
Then spurn'd him back, and at his feet
The furious EDBALD lay.

CLXVI.

And while with scorn above his head
He shook the glittering spear ;
" Proud Lord," he cried, " my arm ere this
" Has laid thee prostrate there.

CLXVII.

" Nay, as a voucher for the deed,
" Behold this valued sword ;
" So shall not mine, like thine, appear
" An empty vaunter's word."

CLXVIII.

But now EDILDA's piercing shrieks
Re-echoed through the wood,
And met her noble Father's ear
Who fast the sounds pursu'd.

CLXIX.

Fast he the thrilling sounds pursu'd
With anguish in his breast,
For by her cries he knew the maid
Full sorely was distress'd.

CLXX.

But who can speak his vast surprise,
When groveling on the ground,
Beneath a lowly goatherd's feet,
The fiery Earl he found.

CLXXI.

Who can his wonder speak, when now,
Beneath the rough disguise,
The much-lov'd EDWY's well-known face
Appears before his eyes?

CLXXII.

To meet his steps with timid look
The blushing Shepherd came;
Nor was that blush the offspring base,
Of trembling guilt or shame.

CLXXIII.

But well he wote a heavy charge
Earl EDBALD would prepare,
With vengeance fill'd, and jealous hate,
To win the Warrior's ear.

CLXXIV. And

CLXXIV.

And who not kens that virtuous minds
Awake to noble fame,
Prize far before this spark of life
A bright and spotless name ?

CLXXV.

But lo ! before his lips could ope,
His foe impatient cries ;
“ If GALVAN cares for EDBALD’s love,
“ That specious villain dies.

CLXXVI.

“ Here underneath the secret shade,
“ Upon his base-born breast,
“ I saw that cold, that scornful Maid,
“ Her head impassion’d rest.

CLXXVII.

“ Who but must know this dark disguise
“ Was for the purpose made ?
“ Who but must know for this she fled
“ With art to seek the shade ?

CLXXVIII.

“ And whilst her soft deceitful tongue
“ Its tender love express’d,
“ The villain saw, and aim’d a sword
“ With fury at my breast.

CLXXIX.

“ Astonish’d at a scene so strange,
“ A vantage great he found,
“ And laid me with a sudden blow
“ Unwarn’d upon the ground.

CLXXX. “ Nay,

CLXXX.

“ Nay, but that in a lucky hour
 “ The noble GALVAN came,
 “ His sword had buried in my breast
 “ At once their love and shame.”

CLXXXI.

More had he said; but that his speech
 With quick indignant eye,
 With burning cheek and mingled air
 Of scorn and dignity,

CLXXXII.

The fair EDILDA sudden here
 With interruption cross'd :
 “ Base man !” she cried, “ to truth, to shame,
 “ To honour, wholly lost.

CLXXXIII.

“ As far above thy calumny
 “ Shall EDWY's virtues shine,
 “ As his pure soul superior is
 “ To such a soul as thine.

CLXXXIV.

“ Thus wrong'd, deceit and dread I scorn ;
 “ Then let my Father's ear,
 “ Let all the world in witness stand,
 “ To what I loud declare :

CLXXXV.

“ Yes, long I've lov'd this gallant Youth,
 “ And still his heart shall be
 “ Above the greatest monarch's vows,
 “ Cherish'd and priz'd by me.

CLXXXVI. Yet

CXXXVI.

“ Yet never till the morn foregone
 “ The love within her breast,
 “ Conceal'd with care, EDILDA's tongue
 “ To EDWY's heart confess'd.

CLXXXVII.

“ Nor then the virtuous youth had kenn'd
 “ The dart that rankled there,
 “ Had not unthought-of chance betray'd
 “ The secret to his ear.

CLXXXVIII.

“ Yet fancy not EDILDA's soul,
 “ By passion blindly sway'd,
 “ A daughter's duty to her love
 “ The sacrifice has made.

CLXXXIX.

“ Nor sooner were her thoughts reveal'd,
 “ Than she resolv'd to prove
 “ The bitt'rest sorrows that could flow
 “ From disappointed love.

CXC.

“ For GALVAN's fame, and noble blood,
 “ I swear shall never be,
 “ Whatever misery is my doom,
 “ Dishonour'd first in me.

CXCI.

“ Nor did the generous EDWY strive
 “ To win with guile my heart;
 “ Nor breathe one wish EDILDA's soul
 “ From duty should depart.

CXCII. “ Hence

CXCII.

“ Hence in disguise this morn he left
 “ His favour, fortunes, fame,
 “ Grateful and virtuous, freely hence
 “ An outcast he became.

CXCIII.

“ Hence hap’ly wand’ring through this wood,
 “ He saw my wretched meed ;
 “ And hence to save my threaten’d life
 “ Flew with an angel’s speed.

CXCIV.

“ Witness these bruises and this blood
 “ That still my bosom stain ;
 “ Nay, witness thou ignoble Lord,
 “ Base author of my pain.

CXCV.

“ And well thou know’st the gentle youth
 “ Sought not the mortal strife ;
 “ Know’st well he baffled thy base arm,
 “ But to preserve his life.

CXCVI.

“ But in her Father’s presence now
 “ His injur’d daughter swears ;
 “ And well he knows her dauntless soul
 “ His truth and honour bears.

CXCVII.

“ That sooner shall the cruel hawk
 “ Mate with the gentle dove,
 “ Than e’er this bosom shall incline
 “ To favor EDBALD’s love.

CXCVIII. “ In

CXCVIII.

" In this alone a father's will,
 " His force, nay tears, I'll brave,
 " EDILDA's prostituted vows
 " No husband e'er shall have."

CXCIX.

The generous beauty ended here ;
 And on her ardent tongue
 Her Father's ear with wonder, grief,
 And deep attention, hung.

CC.

He knew her noble nature well,
 And well her honour knew ;
 Nor doubted once the candid tale
 Her lips had spoke was true.

CCI.

To EDWY now he frowning turn'd,
 And with a smother'd sigh
 Ask'd " What to EDBALD's heavy charge
 " He justly could reply ?"

CCII.

" Thy gracious Daughter," he return'd,
 " For EDWY hath reply'd,
 " With truth her lips the charge against
 " My honour have deny'd.

CCIII.

" If to have lov'd her be a crime ;
 " Or if to love her still
 " While life remains, a crime can be,
 " Your vengeance now fulfil.

CCIV. " And

CCIV.

“ And while my weary life you take,
 “ From length of misery,
 “ Believe, my Lord, your bounteous hand
 “ Will only set me free.

CCV.

“ Yet this my outrag’d honour asks,
 “ From noble OSRED’s hand
 “ Let my good Lord, when I am dead,
 “ A few sad lines demand.

CCVI.

“ Those few sad lines my pen alone
 “ To GALVAN’s eye address’d,
 “ And those, without disguise, will shew
 “ The purpose of my breast.”

CCVII.

“ Whate’er thy guilt,” the Noble cried,
 “ Forbid it, gracious Heaven !
 “ This thankless hand should spill his blood,
 “ By whom my life was given.

CCVIII.

“ Yet on thy peril from my court
 “ For ever far remove ;
 “ Nor let thy soul dare lift a thought
 “ To such unequal love.

CCIX.

“ But griev’d is GALVAN to pronounce,
 “ That noble EDBALD’s heart
 “ Must now, by adverse fate impell’d,
 “ From what it wish’d depart.

CCX.

" GALVAN nor doubts but EDBALD's tongue
 " The thought within his breast,
 " By outward circumstance misled,
 " Sincerely hath express'd.

CCXI.

" But since EDILDA's heart has stoop'd
 " To prize a vassal's vows ;
 " And nought but scorn and bitter hate
 " On worthy love bestows ;

CCXII.

" Let high-born EDBALD's better thoughts
 " Her worthless beauties scorn,
 " And quick to heal his wounded peace
 " To EGBERT's court return."

CCXIII.

The haughty Earl no answer gave,
 With rage his bosom burn'd,
 With sullen shame and vengeance, while
 With GALVAN he return'd.

CCXIV.

With noble GALVAN he return'd,
 And with EDILDA fair,
 Silent and sad : and at the hall,
 When all alighted were,

CCXV.

Each to a several chamber went
 To ponder o'er alone
 The various chances which the peace
 Of each had overthrown.

CCXVI. Yet

CCXVI.

Yet not a heart in GALVAN's court
But EDWY's fortunes mourn'd ;
Nor was there one but griev'd to see
His haughty foe return'd.

CCXVII.

And much they pray'd some stroke of fate
Might still propitious prove,
To crown the sweet EDILDA's wish,
And prosper EDWY's love.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

P A R T IV.

I.

BUT EDWY, who at GALVAN's word
 Submissive left the wood,
 Mean time to ancient HILDA's farm
 The well-known path pursu'd.

II.

The well-known path his feet pursu'd ;
 Not so his tortur'd mind,
 Whose every thought intently dwelt
 With what was left behind.

III.

Ere long at HILDA's door he stands ;
 And while his rough disguise,
 His haggard looks, and alter'd mien,
 Conceal'd him from all eyes ;

IV.

Of HILDA's Hind he humbly asks
 If that her dwelling were ;
 And feigns from EDWY to be charg'd
 With something for her ear.

V.

“ If aught to HILDA thou wouldst say,
 “ It quickly must be said,”
 The Hind return'd ; “ for she will soon
 “ Be number'd with the dead.

H

VI. “ Struck

VI.

“ Struck sudden by the hand of death,
 “ She prays but to survive
 “ Till gallant EDWY from the court
 “ Of GALVAN shall arrive.

VII.

“ Nor is an hour elaps’d or ere
 “ A messenger in haste
 “ She sent, to beg his presence here
 “ Before she breath’d her last.”

VIII.

“ Lead me, O lead me to her bed !”
 The seeming goatherd cries ;
 While to conceal the bursting woe,
 He muffled up his eyes.

IX.

To HILDA’S couch he led him straight,
 And at his earnest pray’r
 Before his errand was reveal’d
 Retir’d and left him there.

X.

Then while his streaming eyes he still
 With his spread hand did shroud ;
 And kneeling by the bed of death
 His anguish sobb’d aloud :

XI.

The dying HILDA turn’d her eye,
 And seeing him, did crave,
 With feeble voice, “ What brought him there,
 “ And what with her he’d have ?”

XII. “ O! ’tis

XII.

“ O ! 'tis your EDWY, your dear son,”
 He movingly replies,
 “ Who in a heavy hour is come
 “ To close a parent's eyes.”

XIII.

Then her cold hand, bedew'd by death,
 He softly, kindly prest;
 Kifs'd her cold lips, and laid her head
 Gently upon his breast.

XIV.

“ Welcome, thou joy of HILDA's soul !
 “ Thrice welcome art thou here ;
 “ But wherefore in a garb so mean
 “ Doth EDWY now appear ?

XV.

“ And wherefore have his haggard cheeks,”
 She cried, “ forgot their bloom ?
 “ Ah ! why this spectacle of woe
 “ Doth EDWY hither come ?”

XVI.

“ Let not my honour'd parent seek,”
 The youth return'd, “ to know
 “ What to the pains of this sick couch
 “ Would add a load of woe.

XVII.

“ O ! rather be it EDWY's part
 “ To catch her dying breath ;
 “ And with his filial tenderness
 “ To smooth the bed of death.”

XVIII.

“ Ev’n as thou wilt,” she low reply’d,
 “ And well it doth appear
 “ Not to consume in fruitless talk
 “ My little remnant here.

XIX.

“ Since ere my ebbing life is gone,
 “ Fain would I have it known
 “ To EDWY’s heart, that HILDA ne’er
 “ In EDWY had a son.

XX.

“ Nay, start not thus, nor break my tale,
 “ But calmly hear the rest,
 “ Which long in secret hath repos’d
 “ In HILDA’s cautious breast.

XXI.

“ Full twenty years are past and gone
 “ Since in the bloody field
 “ ONGAR, in aid of EGBERT’s arms,
 “ The deadly sword did wield :

XXII.

“ The sword did wield on Cornwall’s coasts,
 “ What time the barb’rous Dane
 “ Frighted her peace, and fertile fields
 “ With native blood did stain.

XXIII.

“ It happen’d from those horrid scenes,
 “ As through a shady wood,
 “ ONGAR to seek my little farm,
 “ One morn his way pursu’d ;

XXIV. “ Within

XXIV.

“ Within its most secluded paths,
 “ A dying wretch he found,
 “ Gash’d o’er with wounds, in his own gore
 “ All welt’ring on the ground.

XXV.

“ Already did his pallid face,
 “ Death’s ghastly semblance bear ;
 “ And by a few convulsive starts
 “ Life only glimmer’d there.

XXVI.

“ Yet, ah ! the moving sight to see,
 “ Close to his bloody breast,
 “ Ev’n in the agonies of death,
 “ His arms an infant prest.

XXVII.

“ Shock’d at the scene, my husband hastes
 “ His succour to impart ;
 “ And gently lifts the fainting wretch,
 “ And gently chafes his heart.

XXVIII.

“ One little flash of life returns ;
 “ He languid lifts his eyes,
 “ And thus with lab’ring catching breath,
 “ In feeble accents cries :

XXIX.

“ *Regard not me !—save the dear child !*
 “ *For—more he would have said,*
 “ But life exhausted in th’ attempt,
 “ A pause eternal made.

xxx.

“ And let me haste, while breath remains,
 “ To close the piteous tale ;
 “ Left death in everlasting bonds,
 “ My tongue, like his, should seal.

xxxI.

“ The lovely infant ONGAR took
 “ From its dead father's side,
 “ And tendful of his little charge,
 “ To HILDA's dwelling hy'd.

xxxII.

“ Most welcome he to HILDA's arms
 “ With the sweet babe return'd ;
 “ Who a dear infant's recent death
 “ Incessantly had mourn'd.

xxxIII.

“ And while it told its early woes,
 “ I wept, and to my breast,
 “ With all a mother's yearnings, close
 “ The smiling orphan press'd.

xxxIV.

“ Ev'n from that hour my heart for thee,
 “ A mother's fondest love,
 “ Her tender fears, and anxious cares,
 “ Hath never ceas'd to prove.

xxxV.

“ And from thy kind, thy virtuous heart,
 “ Hath HILDA ever known
 “ All the obedience, love, and care,
 “ Of the most tender son.

xxxVI. “ But

XXXVI.

“ But what thy hapless father’s name,
 “ Or what his birth and state,
 “ In vain to EDWY’s longing ear,
 “ Would HILDA’s tongue relate.

XXXVII.

“ For ONGAR came to HILDA’s cot,
 “ With kindness to remove,
 “ Far from the dangerous scenes of war,
 “ The partner of his love.

XXXVIII.

“ To this retreat, with tender care,
 “ My willing steps he led;
 “ For here my aged mother dwelt,
 “ And here was HILDA bred.

XXXIX.

“ But soon again to Cornwall’s coasts
 “ Fell war my husband bore,
 “ And there my foster infant’s birth
 “ He promis’d to explore.

XL.

“ But ah ! no more these eyes beheld,
 “ No more these arms embrac’d
 “ The man they lov’d ! in prime of life
 “ Ordain’d to breathe his last.

XLI.

“ Nor had my tongue from EDWY’s ear
 “ So long the tale conceal’d,
 “ If aught to bless, or sooth his heart,
 “ That tongue could have reveal’d.

XLII.

“ And yet perhaps these lips ere now
 “ Had told the piteous tale,
 “ And from unconscious EDWY’s eyes
 “ Remov’d the secret veil;

XLIII.

“ Had not I fondly fear’d thy love
 “ For HILDA might decay;
 “ Or that thy steps, to trace thy birth,
 “ Might wander far away.

XLIV.

“ And oh! forgive, thou generous youth,
 “ If doating HILDA’s heart,
 “ Her husband lost, from all it lov’d,
 “ In EDWY fear’d to part.

XLV.

“ Yet though thy robe with clotted gore
 “ And dirt was all besprent,
 “ And had by some uncourteous hand
 “ Been quite afunder rent;

XLVI.

“ This did their substance still declare,
 “ That, nor of abject race,
 “ Nor yet of scanty pen’ry’s stock,
 “ My darling EDWY was.

XLVII.

“ And round thy little wrist was bound
 “ A curious braid of hair,
 “ Which by a heart of precious stone
 “ Was firmly fasten’d there.

XLVIII. “ But

XLVIII.

“ But when too big for such a band,
 “ Thy growing wrist became,
 “ I safe preserv’d this only pledge
 “ Of EDWY’s birth or name.

XLIX.

“ O ! may it prove in EDWY’s hand
 “ A great auspicious light,
 “ To chase away the envious cloud
 “ That hangs before his sight !

L.

“ O ! may the gracious Pow’r above
 “ Direct his goings still,
 “ Lead him to every earthly good,
 “ And keep him far from ill !”

LI.

She cou’d no more ; for death’s cold damps
 Upon her forehead hung,
 Within her languid eye he glar’d,
 And mutter’d on her tongue.

LII.

Yet still upon her EDWY’s face,
 While any sense remain’d,
 She fondly gaz’d ; and still his hand
 With chilly grasp retain’d.

LIII.

Still did his tears and soothings soft
 The pangs of death beguile ;
 And as he pour’d his grateful thanks
 For all her cares, a smile

LIV. Through

LIV.

Through the dread shadowings of death
Once more did faintly break ;
And when the struggling spirit fled,
Yet loiter'd on her cheek.

LV.

To her remains the grateful youth
The last sad duties paid,
And water'd with his tears the turf
That o'er her corse was laid :

LVI.

Then from the scenes of former peace,
Determin'd far to stray,
And in some deep sequester'd shade
Weep all his life away.

LVII.

“ What has an outcast like myself,”
He cried, “ to do with men,
“ Whose int'rests and connections make
“ This world a chearful scene ?

LVIII.

“ But EDWY from the ties of blood
“ Cut off for ever here,
“ To interest dead, a single wretch
“ Must on the earth appear.

LIX.

“ No dear connections, tender ties,
“ In life he e'er can have ;
“ And from his woes can only rest
“ Within the silent grave.

LX. “ Then

LX.

“ Then let the wretched orphan haste,
 “ To hide his abject head ;
 “ Lost and forgotten by the world
 “ In some secluded shade.

LXI.

“ Yet still amidst retirements gloom,
 “ For sweet EDILDA's peace
 “ This tongue shall pray and ask from Heav'n,
 “ No blessing but her bliss.

LXII.

“ And like a radiant angel still
 “ Her image shall appear,
 “ Tinted by love's own hand to charm
 “ The horrors of despair.”

LXIII.

With soft laments, and yearnings fond,
 Thus EDWY onward past ;
 And many a long and weary mile
 With wand'ring footsteps trac'd.

LXIV.

Throughout the day his journey still
 By private paths pursu'd ;
 And laid his weary limbs at night
 Within a gloomy wood.

LXV.

His weary limbs at rest he laid ;
 But rarely to his heart,
 Awake to woe, could balmy sleep
 His needful aid impart.

LXVI. Three

LXVI.

Three tedious days and watchful nights
The hapless EDWY sped ;
Yet kenn'd not the desir'd retreat
Wherein to hide his head.

LXVII.

The fourth his feet a forest trod
What time the shades of night,
Just fall'n, were sweetly awful made
By Luna's sober light.

LXVIII.

Within the deep and ancient shade
As slow he onward wends,
The silver regent journeying bright,
A gleam to guide him sends.

LXIX.

And through the branches, as by breaks,
Her rays serenely shine,
To the majestic wood they give
Solemnity divine.

LXX.

All Nature seem'd in silence hush'd ;
Save where the plaintive song
Of PHILOMEL, to hail the moon,
Was heard the woods among.

LXXI.

The mournful lay as on he past,
Sunk deep in EDWY's soul ;
And for a moment from his griefs
His wrapt attention stole.

LXXII. But

LXXII.

But quickly with redoubled force
 His bitter sorrows flow :
 " Ah ! fancy not," he cried, " thy song
 " Pre-eminent in woe !

LXXIII.

" If EDWY's notes to EDWY's heart
 " Their accents but incline ;
 " Thou'lt own, sweet bird, thy plaintive tale
 " A jocund strain to mine."

LXXIV.

He said ; and sitting on a stone,
 So sad, so sweet, did play,
 That PHILOMELA, charm'd to hear,
 Forgot her humbler lay.

LXXV.

As ORPHEUS fabled was of old,
 The tufted groves among,
 To fit and charm the silent shades
 With his melodious song :

LXXVI.

So EDWY breath'd his melting tones,
 On the still ear of night ;
 Whose calmness wafted thro' the wood
 Each note, with strange delight.

LXXVII.

Till so responsive to his woe
 He touch'd the mournful lay,
 That melting on his own sad strain,
 His spirits dy'd away.

LXXVIII. From

LXXVIII.

From his faint hand the tuneful pipe
 Insensibly did part,
 While heavy languors clos'd his eyes,
 And sicken'd round his heart.

LXXIX.

Nor came the tranced spirits back,
 Till gentle on his breast
 A hand he felt, while thus a voice
 Benign his ear address'd :

LXXX.

“ If sense be with the life return'd,
 “ That beats within thy heart,
 “ Look up, sad youth, and to a friend
 “ Thy miseries impart.

LXXXI.

“ For well this bosom is attun'd
 “ To sorrow's plaintive tone ;
 “ And how to sooth another's woe
 “ Is tutor'd by its own.”

LXXXII.

He said, and sigh'd. The tender words
 Touch'd EDWY's inmost soul ;
 While wonder at the strange address,
 And awe, his mind controul.

LXXXIII.

As to some hapless wretch new wak'd,
 Ev'n yet the pleasing dream,
 Just fled, he knows not, or as truth
 Or fiction to esteem :

LXXXIV.

So EDWY's senses scarce return'd,
 Confess'd a secret fear,
 Lest the sweet sounds were fancy all
 That seem'd to greet his ear.

LXXXV.

But doubt a certainty became,¹
 And rev'rence and surprise
 His bosom fill, as lifting now
 His newly open'd eyes,

LXXXVI.

By the pale moon's soft streaming light,
 That silver'd through the wood;
 A holy Hermit at his side
 The love-lorn Shepherd view'd.

LXXXVII.

A fable mantle flowing large,
 The reverend figure clad,
 On which his long and silver beard
 With every motion play'd.

LXXXVIII.

As some bright meteor graceful hangs
 Upon the veil of night,
 So flow'd the waving ringlets down
 With fullest honours dight.

LXXXIX.

Nor were the honours of his head
 Inferior yet, I ween,
 Whose plenteous locks full many a day
 Had, by their whiteness, seen.

xc. A spirit

XC.

A spirit in his speaking eye
 Chasten'd by sorrow sat ;
 And human kindness, sense, and truth,
 Right fairly shew'd thereat.

XCI.

His shape and height were of the best,
 And in his graceful mien
 A reference fair to better days,
 And happier hours, was seen.

XCII.

A dignity devoid of pride
 Sat full upon his brow ;
 And spite of time, his comely age
 A lovely youth did show.

XCIII.

Yet comelier had his years appear'd,
 And on his reverend face
 The furrows less, had pining grief
 Not deepen'd age's trace.

XCIV.

His eye, with mingled awe and love,
 Th' admiring EDWY hung
 Upon the Sage, while mildly thus
 Rejoin'd his graceful tongue :

XCV.

“ Whence didst thou come, thou youth forlorn,
 “ Who this sequester'd shade,
 “ At night's still hour, hast with thy pipe
 “ So sweetly vocal made ?

XCVI.

" But thou art faint, thy spirits much
 " By weariness oppress'd,
 " And bitter woe, require the aid
 " Of food and balmy rest.

XCVII.

" To HERMAN'S cave thy feeble steps
 " His fostering arm shall lead;
 " And there thy wearied limbs repose
 " Upon his humble bed.

XCVIII.

" He doubts not but his tender care
 " Some solace shall impart;
 " Nor yet despairs, with counsel sweet
 To ease thy lab'ring heart.

XCIX.

" For sure the veriest wretch must find
 " Some symptoms of relief,
 " To own a friend who knows to feel,
 " And loves to share his grief.

C.

" Too well thy eye and haggard cheek
 " Confess corroding care;
 " And yet believe, his keener touch
 " These deep-worn furrows bear."

CI.

" Ah! no!" the fighting youth return'd
 With warmth, " there cannot be
 " Throughout the earth a wretch involv'd
 " In deeper woe than me.

I

CII. " Yet,

CII.

“ Yet, honour’d Sage, if aught on earth
 “ Can soften EDWY’s grief,
 “ From thy sweet counsel he may hope
 “ To gather some relief.

CIII.

“ Thy generous kindness he accepts ;
 “ And HERMAN ne’er shall find
 “ That generous kindness thrown away
 “ Upon a thankless mind.

CIV.

“ Yet what have I but pray’rs, and love,
 “ And gratitude, to give ?
 “ And what besides would HERMAN deign
 “ From EDWY to receive ?

CV.

“ Nor shall the fortunes of my life
 “ Be hidden from thine ear,
 “ If I have pow’r to tell the tale,
 “ And patience thou to hear.”

CVI.

He said : the while to HERMAN’s cave
 Their social steps were bent ;
 And still on his supporting arm
 The feeble EDWY leant.

CVII.

And still the Sage, with soothing words,
 Spoke comfort to his heart ;
 Still to revive his drooping thoughts
 Exerted every art.

CVIII. Not

CVIII.

Not long their friendly steps had trod
 The mazes of the wood,
 Or e'er, by Luna's trembling light,
 The welcome cave they view'd.

CIX.

Deep in a private dale that sunk
 The towering woods between,
 Scoop'd from a high and craggy cliff,
 The lone abode was seen.

CX.

Nor yet unlovely was the rock,
 Whose rugged fides were made
 Gracefully gloomy, by a soft
 Variety of shade.

CXI.

From out its clefts the berried ash,
 And flow'ring hawthorn grew ;
 And there the trembling poplars shade
 Mix'd with the mournful yew.

CXII.

And as their branches interwove,
 Now here, now there, was seen
 A mossy crag, that thrust its point,
 The motley shade between.

CXIII.

Full in the bosom of the rock
 A chrystal rivulet sprung,
 And dashing down from clift to clift,
 Its white foam round it flung.

CXIV.

By breaks the branches bow'ring o'er,
 Conceal'd it from the eye,
 Except that through the leaves, by peeps,
 Its glimmerings one might spy.

CXV.

The whole a shade more copious crown'd,
 And proudly o'er the rest
 An aged oak, with branches wild,
 Exalted high its crest.

CXVI.

A gloomy yew of ancient date
 That stood before the cave,
 With ample honours to the scene
 An added beauty gave.

CXVII.

Around its trunk a rustic seat
 Above the turf was rear'd;
 And at its foot the murm'ring brook
 With shining face appear'd.

CXVIII.

The shelvings of the secret dale
 With wood of various green
 Were cover'd thick, save where a rock,
 Or slanting field, was seen.

CXIX.

Yet narrow were the fields I trow,
 And little had to spare,
 For the white sheep that o'er their face
 But thinly sprinkled were.

cxx. Upon

CXX.

Upon the heights the lofty wood
 With gloomy honours wav'd ;
 And still from every nipping blast
 The shelter'd valley fav'd.

CXXI.

Charm'd with the calm romantic scene,
 Which yet more pleasing shew'd
 As Luna silver'd all the dale,
 While riding o'er the wood ;

CXXII.

The Youth exclaim'd, " How pleas'd could I,
 " Within this private dale,
 " With honour'd HERMAN's converse sweet,
 " And meditation, dwell."

CXXIII.

" And here shall dwell," the Sage reply'd,
 " If so thy soul incline ;
 " And here well pleas'd will HERMAN be
 " To mix his tears with thine :

CXXIV.

" Well pleas'd will be, thou gentle youth,
 " To listen to thy lays ;
 " And have thy hand to close his eyes
 " When death shall end his days.

CXXV.

" For kindred EDWY's sorrows seem,
 " Kindred his soul to mine ;
 " And through his griefs the genuine sparks
 " Of heav'n-born virtue shine.

CXXVI.

“ Here, firm united by the bands
 “ Of friendship, we will dwell ;
 “ And think with scorn upon a world
 “ Fond mortals love so well.

CXXVII.

“ Nor vice, nor pride, nor discontent,
 “ Shall in this cell appear ;
 “ But peace, and piety, and love,
 “ Shall sweetly flourish here.

CXXVIII.

“ Then enter in, a welcome guest ;
 “ And while thy lips disclose
 “ Thy sad mishaps, my heart shall feel,
 “ And tongue shall sooth thy woes.”

CXXIX.

He said ; and enter'd with the youth,
 Whose weary drooping head
 His hands benevolent repos'd
 Upon the mossy bed.

CXXX.

And now with milk, and various fruits,
 The table he prepares ;
 And Edwy's deep dejected mind,
 With wholesome nurture cheers.

CXXXI.

His strength recruited, soon the youth
 Begins his tale of woe ;
 And shews impartial every cause,
 From whence his sorrows flow.

CXXXII. Sincerely

CXXXII.

Sincerely shews his inmost heart;
 The while upon his tongue,
 The Sage with tender sympathy,
 And deep attention, hung.

CXXXIII.

But when to HILDA's bed of death,
 He brings the mournful tale;
 While he relates her dying speech,
 The Sage's cheek grows pale.

CXXXIV.

Paler and paler now it grows;
 The while his heaving breast,
 His trembling lip, and eager eye,
 The lab'ring soul confest.

CXXXV.

The youth with dread observ'd the change,
 And made a sudden pause;
 Then tenderly of HERMAN's ill
 Enquires the latent cause.

CXXXVI.

"Ask not," he cries, "what rouses thus
 "A tempest in my breast;
 "Pursue thy tale, my bosom throbs,
 "Nay burns, to know the rest."

CXXXVII.

Amaz'd! the youth his tale pursu'd;
 But when, to prove his birth
 He nam'd the bracelet, as his pledge,
 His only pledge on earth;

I 4 CXXXVIII. "Shew

CXXXVIII.

“ Shew me that pledge;” the Sage exclaim’d!
 And when the pledge was shown,
 Upon his neck he fell, and cry’d,
 “ Thou art, thou art my son !”

CXXXIX.

“ How ! whence ! where !” wild, the youth
 exclaims,
 “ Sure it can never be,
 “ That hapless Edwy should possess
 “ A father such as thee.”

CXL.

Yet while he doubted, trembled, wept,
 The Hermit he caress’d ;
 Who clasp’d him close in speechless joy
 Unto his aged breast.

CXLI.

“ O ! doubt it not, dear youth,” he cry’d,
 “ Thou art indeed my Son ;
 “ Nor yet a Father, such as me,
 “ Shall Edwy blush to own.”

CXLII.

Then more compos’d he sat, and wip’d
 The rapturous tears that fell ;
 While thus to the astonish’d youth
 His lips began their tale.

CXLIII.

“ Well may’st thou wonder,” dearest youth,
 “ At what a Father spoke,
 “ When too intemperate from his lips,
 “ The heart-felt transports broke.

CXLIV. “ But

CXLIV.

“ But who, inur’d to long distress,
 “ And long from hope confin’d,
 “ Can feel the sudden burst of joy,
 “ And curb his struggling mind ?

CXLV.

“ Yet long as sorrow on my soul
 “ Its bitterness hath press’d,
 “ My greatest joy will be to chace
 “ Affliction from thy breast.

CXLVI.

“ Nay, weep not thus, nor look aghast,
 “ For sorrow now is o’er ;
 “ But listen while my lips unfold
 “ A thousand joys in store :

CLXVII.

“ A thousand joys, which all a dream
 “ Had seem’d the hour foregone ;
 “ But which thy panting heart shall soon
 “ Sincere and poignant own.

CXLVIII.

“ Know then, thou comfort of my soul,
 “ That GALVAN’s self to thee,
 “ In point of wealth, must yield the palm,
 “ And noble ancestry.

CXLIX.

“ Tho’ chang’d my name, yet know thy birth
 “ From far-fam’d OSWALD sprung ;
 “ Whose great descent, and pow’r as great,
 “ Was heard from every tongue.

CL. “ Superior

CL.

“ Superior yet thy birth appears
 “ Upon thy Mother’s side,
 “ Who near to BRITHRIC’s royal blood,
 “ And EGBERT’s, was ally’d.

CLI.

“ But what avail’d my THYRA’s blood!
 “ And what her virtues all!
 “ Ordain’d by barb’rous ruffians hands,
 “ In beauty’s bloom to fall!

CLII.

“ Yet still her well-remember’d charms
 “ Upon my EDWY’s face,
 “ And still her manners sweet in thine,
 “ A father’s eye can trace.

CLIII.

“ Nine years a heav’n within her arms,
 “ Did happy OSWALD prove;
 “ And five sweet infants did she bring
 “ As pledges of his love.

CLIV.

“ But at one deadly sweep, the loss
 “ Of all, thy father mourn’d;
 “ Though now in such a son as thee,
 “ They all appear return’d.

CLV.

“ A castle fair on DEVON’s edge,
 “ Thy father lov’d full well;
 “ And there, withdrawn from busier scenes,
 “ At times was wont to dwell.

CLVI. “ Thither

CLVI.

“ Thither my lovely Wife retir’d,
 “ What time, full many a Dane,
 “ Invading Cornwall’s further side,
 “ By EGBERT’s arms were slain.

CLVII.

“ These robbers quell’d, I eager fought
 “ The scenes of former peace ;
 “ Sought the fair meed of all my toils
 “ In sweet domestic blifs.

CLVIII.

“ But ah ! too soon the heart of man,
 “ To confidence a prey,
 “ At fortune’s first delusive smile,
 “ Casts prudent care away.

CLIX.

“ Thus OSWALD fearlessly repos’d
 “ Upon his THYRA’s breast,
 “ Nor dreamt of any rising storm
 “ To ruffle his calm rest.

CLX.

“ One night awak’d from balmy sleep
 “ Within her faithful arms,
 “ A horrid clamour instant fill’d
 “ My heart with strange alarms.

CLXI.

“ Rushing from off my downy couch,
 “ Quick to the hall I past,
 “ Where trusty ALGAR met my steps,
 “ With wild disorder’d haste.

CLXII. “ His

CLXII.

“ His arm my little OSBERT bore ;
 “ And as my way he crost,
 ‘ Fly quick ! my Lord,’ he trembling cry’d,
 ‘ Fly quick ! or all is lost !

CLXIII.

‘ The cruel Danes impetuous rush
 ‘ Upon thy guardian train ;
 ‘ And ere I ran to save thy son,
 ‘ But few were left unslain.

CLXIV.

‘ The remnant doubtless of that force,
 ‘ Which late in Cornwall’s field,
 ‘ The royal EGBERT’s gallant troops
 ‘ So bravely met and quell’d.

CLXV.

‘ Thence flying, they’ve surpris’d thy train
 ‘ Beneath the mask of night :
 ‘ But urge thy speed, a moment hence
 ‘ May be too late for flight.’

CLXVI.

“ He spoke, and vanish’d from my eyes ;
 “ Fell anguish rent my breast ;
 “ Yet to my THYRA back with speed
 “ My eager footsteps prest.

CLXVII.

“ Resolv’d on danger’s utmost brink,
 “ Whatever might betide,
 “ To save her life, or lose my own,
 “ With honour by her side.

CLXVIII. “ But

CLXVIII.

“ But ah ! before my steps return’d,
 “ The clamour caught her ear;
 “ And by a different way too soon
 “ She fled, o’erwhelm’d with fear.

CLXIX.

“ Distracted I return’d once more
 “ Unto the empty hall,
 “ And there with horror compass’d round,
 “ Aloud for vengeance call !

CLXX.

“ Nor call in vain, though most had fall’n
 “ To silent death a prey ;
 “ A few remain’d who heard my voice,
 “ And hurried me away.

CLXXI.

“ But not to where the bloody Danes,
 “ Through the long galleries pour ;
 “ To stop the flood, or meet his death,
 “ Their struggling Lord they bore.

CLXXII.

“ In vain I threaten’d, rav’d, and pray’d ;
 “ Swift from the desp’rate fight
 “ They bore me, with a cruel care,
 “ Beneath the gloom of night.

CLXXIII.

“ And oft in vain I anxious ask,
 “ If aught of THYRA’s fate,
 “ Or of my children’s, to my ear
 “ Their knowledge can relate ?

CLXXIV. “ At

CLXXIV.

“ At last, when far from scenes of death
 “ In safety I was plac’d,
 “ Seeing the horrors of suspense,
 “ My spirits widely waste :

CLXXV.

“ They tell, with many a heavy groan,
 “ That all my daughters fair,
 “ And lovely THYRA, by the Danes
 “ Most basely butcher’d were.

CLXXVI.

“ But still of little OSBERT’s fate
 “ No knowledge was obtain’d ;
 “ And still to sooth my deep distress,
 “ One ray of light remain’d.

CLXXVII.

“ Yet midst my anguish, great revenge
 “ Within my bosom rose ;
 “ And OSWALD swore he would avenge
 “ His own, and Cornwall’s woes.

CLXXVIII.

“ Soon at my wish a gallant troop
 “ Of warriors gather’d round ;
 “ And soon those spoilers of my peace,
 “ The cruel Danes, we found.

CLXXIX.

“ Upon their force my warriors rush’d
 “ Impetuous as a flood ;
 “ And OSWALD’s wrongs were deep repaid
 “ In their inhuman blood.

CLXXX.

- “ But still affliction pierc’d my soul ;
 “ And, like the stricken deer,
 “ Where’er I turn’d, the deadly shaft
 “ Did in my bosom bear.

CLXXXI.

- “ At length, to sum up all my woes,
 “ While through this ancient wood,
 “ Some skulking Danes escap’d from fight,
 “ My valiant train pursu’d.

CLXXXII.

- “ Far in the shade their eager feet
 “ The faithful ALGAR found
 “ Stiff in his blood, a ghastly fight !
 “ And gash’d with many a wound.

CLXXXIII.

- “ In his clinch’d hand a remnant still,
 “ Though all with gore defil’d,
 “ He grasp’d, of the remember’d robe
 “ That clad my darling child.

CLXXXIV.

- “ But vainly did their faithful feet
 “ Explore the utmost round
 “ Of the vast wood, no further trace
 “ Of OSBERT could be found.

CLXXXV.

- “ The heavy tidings to my ear
 “ Reluctantly they tell ;
 “ And with those tidings, from my breast
 “ Each gleam of hope repel.

CLXXXVI. “ For

CLXXXVI.

“ For who could doubt my hapless child
 “ Kill’d by the savage Dane,
 “ Though his dear relics, through the wood,
 “ Their care had fought in vain ?

CLXXXVII.

“ Sick of the world, where all my peace
 “ Was at one fatal blow
 “ Dash’d quite away, and nothing left
 But unremitting woe ;

CLXXXVIII.

“ For ever from the haunts of men,
 “ My soul resolv’d to stray ;
 “ And lost in solitude’s deep gloom,
 “ Weep weary life away.

CLXXXIX.

“ Yet think not midst my bitt’rest pangs
 “ One doubt within my breast,
 “ One impious murmur, boldly rose
 “ To combat Heav’n’s behest.

CXC.

“ I knew the wisdom of my God,
 “ His mercy knew as well ;
 “ And judg’d, to rouse me from my sins,
 “ This weight of sorrow fell.

CXCI.

“ And well religion’s lore had taught,
 “ Not in a world like this
 “ The heart of man should fondly rest
 “ Its hope of lasting bliss.

CXCII. “ Sub-

CXCII.

“ Submissive, patient, and resign’d,
 “ I therefore kiss’d the rod ;
 “ And by a deep repentance sought
 “ To reconcile my God.

CXCIII.

“ Unto my noble brother now
 “ A messenger I sent,
 “ And only to his faithful ear
 “ Disclos’d my fix’d intent.

CXCIV.

“ In vain his love and friendship strove
 “ To sooth my tortur’d heart ;
 “ In vain, from a resolve so strange,
 “ Intreated me to part.

CXCV.

“ My vast estate, and honours fair,
 “ I trusted to his hand ;
 “ And only crav’d such small supplies
 “ As nature should demand.

CXCVI.

“ Then privately with him I sought,
 “ In this dark forest’s shade,
 “ A secret place, wherein to lay
 “ With solitude my head.

CXCVII.

“ For here I ween’d, in thy dear blood
 “ Was seal’d my deep despair ;
 “ And therefore stealing from the world,
 “ Desir’d to languish here.

K

CXCVIII. “ Lo !

CXCVIII.

“ Lo ! to my wish, sunk far in gloom,
 “ We found this calm retreat,
 “ Which every thing conspir’d to make
 “ For woe a dwelling meet.

CXCIX.

“ Full twenty years are past and gone,
 “ Since first his sorrows made
 “ Thy wretched father’s heavy heart
 “ Acquainted with this shade.

CC.

“ Lost to the world, full twenty years
 “ In solitude I’ve spent,
 “ Save that at times thy uncle’s steps
 “ Have hitherward been bent.

CCI.

“ By him in secret still supply’d
 “ My little stores have been,
 “ His hand the scatter’d flock bestow’d,
 “ That feed the copse between.

CCII.

“ And still his loving lips have strove,
 “ Yet still have strove in vain,
 “ To win me from this lonely cave,
 “ Unto the world again.

CCIII.

“ How little did I ween that world
 “ So hated, e’er would be
 “ Again an interesting scene,
 “ And full of joys for me.

CCIV. “ But

CCIV.

“ But far above our mortal ken
 “ Is Heav’n’s almighty pow’r ;
 “ And ours is only to submit,
 “ To feel, and to adore.

CCV.

“ It chanc’d as at the fall of night
 “ Attentively I stood,
 “ Observant of the moon’s pale beams,
 “ That glimmer’d through the wood :

CCVI.

“ Just at my feet they brightly glanc’d
 “ With clear unusual light,
 “ And as I gaz’d, a something met
 “ And sparkled to my sight.

CCVII.

“ I curious stoop’d to learn the cause ;
 “ But what was my surprise,
 “ When this well-noted pledge of love
 “ Appear’d before my eyes ?

CCVIII.

“ When thy dear mother, to my wish,
 “ Produc’d a lovely son,
 “ T’inherit OSWALD’S honours, wealth,
 “ And blood of high renown.

CCIX.

“ O’erjoy’d, to deck each little wrist
 “ A curious braid of hair
 “ Her fingers wove, which ruby hearts
 “ Both crown’d and fasten’d there.

CCX.

- “ One bracelet from her flaxen locks
 “ Like glossy filk did shine ;
 “ The other braid her partial hand
 “ Would needs collect from mine.

CCXI.

- “ Upon the back of each bright heart
 “ These words engraven were
 “ In mystic characters ; *fond Love*
 “ *And Joy have fix'd me here.*

CCXII.

- “ The well-remember'd pledge of love
 “ Unto my lips I prest ;
 “ The while a thousand tender thoughts
 “ O'erwhelm'd my throbbing breast.

CCXIII.

- “ Afresh I wept my THYRA's fate ;
 “ Afresh I wept thy own ;
 “ And on the ground, with new despair,
 “ Distracted threw me down.

CCXIV.

- “ But soon thy notes so strangely sweet,
 “ So mournful caught my ear,
 “ That from affliction's self they stole
 “ A wish to hush and hear.

CCXV.

- “ And as I hark'd, I long'd to know
 “ What mortal midst this shade,
 “ Its deep and unfrequented gloom
 “ So sweetly vocal made.

CCXVI. “ Thou

CCXVI.

“ Thou know’st the rest ; for whilst I stole
 “ With silence to the sound,
 “ It ceas’d ; and soon I saw thee stretch’d
 “ In swoonings on the ground :

CCXVII.

“ Too happy that my feeble hand
 “ Assistance could impart,
 “ And bring up EDWY back to life,
 “ To bless his woeful heart.

CCXVIII.

“ And sure this memorable night
 “ My steps were led by Heav’n ;
 “ This bracelet surely as a pledge
 “ Of coming joy was given.

CCXIX.

“ By this the answering pledge of love
 “ More perfectly was known ;
 “ By this thy father was prepar’d
 “ To meet and know his son.

CCXX.

“ Nor haughty EDBALD justly now
 “ His honours shall compare,
 “ His large possessions, pow’r, or birth,
 “ With OSWALD’s greater heir.

CCXXI.

“ For still the flow’r of EGBERT’s court,
 “ The kingdom OSWALD deem’d ;
 “ And OSWALD still above his peers
 “ By EGBERT was esteem’d

CCXXII.

“ The lov’d companion of his youth,
 “ And sharer of his fate,
 “ What time in foreign climes he dwelt
 “ From jealous BRITHRIC’s hate.

CCXXIII.

“ And noble GALVAN well I know,
 “ And often he has swore,
 “ That OSWALD’s friendship he esteem’d
 “ All friendship far before.

CCXXIV.

“ But now ’tis meet thy weary limbs
 “ Were steep’d in balmy rest ;
 “ And needful is the soft repose
 “ That long has left thy breast.

CCXXV.

“ To-morrow with the rising sun
 “ Straight to my Brother’s court,
 “ With new-born hope, and peace, and joy,
 “ Together we’ll resort.

CCXXVI.

“ From thence to noble GALVAN’s hall
 “ A messenger with speed
 “ Will OSWALD fend, that he may learn
 “ What fortune has decreed :

CCXXVII.

“ What fav’ring Heav’n has rather done
 “ To bless a virtuous pair,
 “ Ordaining who so lowly seem’d,
 “ A pow’rful noble’s heir.

CCXXVIII. “ Nor

CCXXVIII.

“ Nor shall thy heart from her it loves
 “ A longer season wait,
 “ Than OSWALD’s heir can be prepar’d
 “ To go with fitting state.

CCXXIX.

“ Beneath the rest at GALVAN’s court
 “ Thou hitherto hast been ;
 “ But now exalted o’er them all
 “ My EDWY shall be seen.

CCXXX.

“ By that dear name thy father still
 “ His long-lost son must call,
 “ Since under that dear name he came
 “ To end my bitter thrall.”

CCXXXI.

The reverend Noble ended here :
 But who the joy can tell
 With which the youth’s enraptur’d soul
 Did on each accent dwell ?

CCXXXII.

Who the strong extasies can paint
 That in his bosom glow’d ?
 Who the warm tide that from his lips
 Of love and duty flow’d ?

CCXXXIII.

In vain his father’s tender care
 Had hop’d the balmy rest ;
 A thousand transports drove it far
 From EDWY’s panting breast.

CCXXXIV.

And oft he question'd his fond heart,
And often felt a fear,
Left all illusion was the bliss
That newly bustled there.

CCXXXV.

And oft he wish'd to urge the hours,
Oft sigh'd for morn's return,
Impatient that EDILDA's heart
His alter'd state might learn.

CCXXXVI.

Yet sometimes heav'd a secret sigh,
Left GALVAN's stern command,
Or soft'ning tears, her heart had bow'd
To haughty EDBALD's hand.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

P A R T V.

I.

BUT sweet the cares which love had blent
 With joy, in EDWY's breast;
 Far other than the deadly pangs
 That broke EDILDA's rest.

II.

Within her gentle bosom, hope
 Withdrew her genial ray;
 And sorrow sat triumphant there,
 And frown'd the smiles away.

III.

Yet still amidst her deep distress,
 Her self-approving thought,
 To ward the horrors of despair,
 Its lenient soothings brought.

IV.

And though she ween'd her hapless heart
 With hopeless misery strove;
 Still virtue rose with every pant,
 Though every pant was love.

V.

Nor was her tender, generous heart,
 In noble GALVAN's court,
 Of fickle fortune, love, and grief,
 Alone the wretched sport.

vi. Within

VI.

Within the haughty EDBALD's breast
A tempest fiercely burn'd ;
And every motion of his mind
To wild distraction turn'd.

VII.

There mad'ning jealousy and pride
Still baffled all controul ;
Whilst love affianc'd to despair,
Shook fearfully his soul.

VIII.

Full oft in bitterness of heart,
He curs'd the fatal night,
When first EDILDA's matchless charms
Beam'd dazzling to his sight.

IX.

And oft the lovely maid he curst ;
And curst her noble Sire,
For fanning in his kindling breast
Love's fascinating fire.

X.

But curst his virtuous Rival most ;
And, fill'd with fury, swore,
That dreadful vengeance on his head
Relentless he would pour.

XI.

Nay, madly ween'd, that when in dust
The blooming youth was laid ;
Love might await the bloody hand
That mix'd him with the dead.

XII. Nor

XII.

Nor did his dark suspicious soul
Believe EDILDA's heart,
Spite of her vows, from what it lov'd
So easily would part.

XIII.

The favour'd EDWY still he deem'd
Was lurking in the wood ;
And there to glut his vengeance thought
In his detested blood.

XIV.

Four desp'rate ruffians he prepar'd,
Ere the third day was past ;
And basely hop'd the fourth should prove
His hated Rival's last.

XV.

Attended by his bloody band,
Sweet pity cast away ;
He fought, with execrable speed,
The wood, at dawn of day.

XVI.

Deluded there, he raging search'd
Each humble cottage round ;
And what was HILDA's farm, at last
With cruel transport found :

XVII.

For there he doubted not his soul
Its bloody will should have ;
And swore, an aged mother's arms
The victim should not save.

XVIII.

Yet equal conflict basely fear'd,
And to the ruffian's knife,
Within his heart, ignobly doom'd,
The blameless EDWY's life.

XIX.

But Heav'n had otherwise design'd;
And jealousy, and rage,
With disappointment in his breast,
A mortal contest wage.

XX.

When seeking EDWY from the hinds,
Of HILDA's death he heard;
And that her son the morning past,
Had sudden disappear'd.

XXI.

As some gaunt wolf, secure of prey,
O'erleaps the neighb'ring fold,
But empty finds the fence that late
The fleecy flock did hold :

XXII.

So EDBALD finds his prey escap'd,
And so with tenfold rage
His bosom burns, nor aught but blood
His fury can assuage.

XXIII.

Madly he roams the country round ;
But roams and raves in vain ;
No tidings of the hated youth
His keenest search can gain.

XXIV. Jaded

XXIV.

Jaded at length with fruitless toil,
His gloomy face he turn'd
To GALVAN's tow'rs ; from whence, I ween,
Not one his absence mourn'd.

XXV.

But scarcely in the ample hall
His sullen steps appear,
Ere disappointment hastes afresh
To front and dash him there.

XXVI.

For loathing still the vows he urg'd
Her favour to obtain,
The sweet EDILDA sought to shun
What scorn repuls'd in vain.

XXVII.

Some five short miles from GALVAN's court,
Hard by a lofty wood,
Of mickle note, and mickle state,
A ponderous abbey stood.

XXVIII.

The abbot ALDRIC rul'd within,
Great GALVAN's uncle's son ;
For wisdom, holiness, and pow'r,
Throughout the kingdom known.

XXIX.

Oft from his lips the lovely maid
Had drawn instruction sweet ;
And much her softness, and her sense,
His friendship did beget.

xxx. And

xxx.

And oft he vow'd, when gentle peace
A sanctuary fair,
Made her soft breast in happier days,
From sorrow, pain, and care ;

xxxI.

That if the smiles of fortune fled,
The honour'd maid should meet
Within his abbey's hallow'd walls,
A calm and safe retreat.

xxxII.

To seek this shelter, when the morn
Her blushing radiance threw,
From hill-top high, and the last shades
Of cowering night withdrew ;

xxxIII.

The sweet EDILDA silent stole
From GALVAN's portals fair ;
And long ere mid-day's sultry gleams,
Was lodg'd securely there.

xxxIV.

Soon to the holy ALDRIC's ear,
The maid disclos'd her thought ;
And shew'd the cause why thus by stealth
The abbey's gloom she sought.

xxxV.

And much her virtue he admir'd,
Her spirit much approv'd ;
In flying the proud man she loath'd,
And quitting him she lov'd.

xxxVI. Then

XXXVI.

Then warmly vow'd that EDBALD's pow'r,
Nor GALVAN's stern command,
Shou'd aught avail to force the maid
From his protecting hand.

XXXVII.

But mickle well the fair one judg'd,
Her Father's secret mind
To favour haughty EDBALD's love
No longer stood inclin'd.

XXXVIII.

For well she kenn'd that Noble's pride,
And passions unsubdu'd,
His jealous rage, and shameless thirst
Of virtuous EDWY's blood,

XXXIX.

Had from her father's generous breast,
Repell'd the wish, to prove
An union sprung of bitter hate,
And rough indignant love.

XL.

A letter now to meet his eye,
The lovely maid prepares,
Which quickly to the Baron's hand
A trusty servant bears.

XLI.

These were the lines :—" From EDBALD's
" love

" Resolv'd at length to fly ;
" Let not the act too heinous seem
" In a dear Father's eye.

XLII. " Nor

XLII.

“ Nor let him judge EDILDA’s thought
 “ Unduteous e’er will prove,
 “ Because she shuns the haughty Lord,
 “ Her heart cou’d never love.

XLIII.

“ And what but deep, yet vain remorse,
 “ What, but unceasing woe,
 “ From vows constrain’d, cou’d her sad heart,
 “ Or noble GALVAN’s know ?

XLIV.

“ Nor has a tender Sire forgot
 “ His oft repeated vow,
 “ That at the altar’s foot his child
 “ A victim ne’er shou’d bow.

XLV.

“ And well she knows his generous soul,
 “ Since EDBALD’s jealous heart
 “ Prompted his tongue and hand to act
 “ So mean, so base a part ;

XLVI.

“ Has never wish’d EDILDA’s hand
 “ The sacrifice should be,
 “ Of pomp and pow’r, which cou’d but gloss
 “ The face of misery.

XLVII.

“ Then let my Lord to EDBALD’s ear,
 “ His daughter’s purpose speak ;
 “ And say, in vain his will wou’d strive
 “ Her firm resolve to break.

XLVIII. “ Never

XLVIII.

“ Never from holy ALDRIC’s walls
 “ EDILDA’s feet shall stray,
 “ Till the proud Earl from GALVAN’s court
 “ For ever turn away.

XLIX.

“ Then let him quick a sense of shame
 “ And sense of honour prove ;
 “ Nor hang a baleful cloud between
 “ Her and a Father’s love.

L.

“ How blest the day when once again,
 “ On that dear Father’s breast,
 “ His child may fondly lean her head,
 “ And lull his cares to rest.”

LI.

Nor was the noble maid deceiv’d ;
 Nor was her Father’s mind,
 To favour haughty EDBALD’s suit,
 Now, as of late, inclin’d.

LII.

Nor did her flight~displeasure move,
 Nor letter give offence ;
 Since to dismiss whom now he scorn’d,
 They offer’d fair pretence.

LIII.

Full well he read the passions foul
 That rul’d in EDBALD’s heart ;
 And knew his soul had lately own’d
 A base unworthy part.

L

LIV. For

LIV.

For gentle EDWY's candid lines,
Had amply to his breast,
The Youth's transcendent honour, worth,
And gratitude express'd.

LV.

And while his cheek with transport glow'd,
His heart in secret own'd
That EDWY's mind was with the grace
Of every virtue crown'd.

LVI.

He vow'd withal the generous Youth
With joy, his soul should own,
Were but his birth one step above
An abject vassal's son.

LVII.

Alas! that pride in noble minds
Should bear so large a part,
And counteract the generous wish
And temper of the heart.

LVIII.

But outward circumstance, alas!
Hath power to witch the eye,
With whom the touch of frailty least
Bewrays humanity.

LIX.

Yet much the aged Warrior wail'd
The unpropitious love,
That from his court, to want and woe,
The gallant Shepherd drove.

LX. And

LX.

And more lamented that his tongue,
By passion overborn,
Dismiss'd whom most his soul approv'd,
With shew of hate and scorn.

LXI.

Nor yet in private did he fail
To seek the gentle Youth,
With fair rewards, and blessings fair,
For all his love and truth.

LXII.

And of his own ungrateful heart
Did bitterly complain,
When the preserver of himself
And child was fought in vain.

LXIII.

For still its own severest judge,
The generous mind appears ;
And when it errs against itself,
A dread tribunal rears.

LXIV.

To EDBALD now her noble Sire,
EDILDA's flight reveals ;
Nor from his heart her purpose hides,
Nor from his eye conceals.

LXV.

But while her scornful lines he scann'd,
The passion who could speak
That flash'd within his rolling eye,
And burnt along his cheek ?

LXVI.

“ 'Tis well! proud maid, 'tis well!” he cry'd;
 “ And EDBALD shall return,
 “ Thy wretched scorn, and foolish pride,
 “ With added pride and scorn!

LXVII.

“ Too highly honour'd! wayward fair,
 “ Thy heart has been by me,
 “ Which to a vassal vile could stoop
 “ From all its dignity.

LXVIII.

“ Within thy paramour's base arms
 “ Thy base desires enjoy;
 “ Nor tremble, lest my envious love
 “ Thy pleasures should annoy.”

LXIX.

“ Now, nay, Lord EDBALD,” GALVAN cry'd,
 And kindled as he said,
 “ Let not thy candour, honour, truth,
 “ By passion be betray'd.

LXX.

“ Nor hangs the mildew of reproach
 “ Upon my Daughter's fame;
 “ Nor has the tongue of slander's self
 “ Dar'd fully her bright name.

LXXI.

“ Nor canst thou, Lord, of her deceit,
 “ Nor of my own complain;
 “ Thou know'st I wish'd thy vows success,
 “ And saw them scorn'd with pain.

LXXII. “ And

LXXII.

- “ And well thou know’st thy tender cares
 “ Were all too weak to move,
 “ Within EDILDA’s adverse heart,
 “ The least return of love.

LXXIII.

- “ Could EDBALD’s vows have won her heart,
 “ Those vows had won her hand ;
 “ But the resistless fate of love
 “ What mortal can command ?

LXXIV.

- “ Yet think not so unworthy her,
 “ Nor yet so base of me,
 “ As once to ween our souls can stoop
 “ To one of low degree.

LXXV.

- “ Nor pitiless arraign the Youth,
 “ On whose ill-fated head
 “ A hopeless passion all its weight
 “ Of misery hath shed.

LXXVI.

- “ Though gratitude this truth demands,
 “ That had a noble birth
 “ His merits grac’d, the Youth had stood
 “ Unrival’d through the earth.”

LXXVII.

- “ Curse on the specious villain’s art !”
 The haughty Lord reply’d ;
 “ And vain would GALVAN’s glossing tongue
 “ His secret purpose hide.

LXXVIII.

“ Yes, abject Lord ! thy Daughter give
 “ To this transcendent Youth,
 “ This pattern of intrinsic worth,
 “ Of tenderness and truth.

LXXIX.

“ But yet of noble EDBALD’s soul
 “ Too little hast thou known,
 “ To think it tamely will give place
 “ To thy vile vassal’s son.

LXXX.

“ No ! though I scorn the worthless maid
 “ Whom late my soul ador’d ;
 “ Though thy alliance much I scorn,
 “ Low-minded, doting Lord !

LXXXI.

“ My outrag’d honour ne’er shall rest,
 “ Till in the vital blood
 “ Of him I loath, this vengeful hand,
 “ I swear, be deep imbru’d !

LXXXII.

He fiercely said ; and furious rush’d
 From out the ample hall ;
 Whilst much the generous GALVAN’s heart
 His threat’nings did appal.

LXXXIII.

Not for himself the Noble fear’d,
 For he ne’er stoop’d to fear ;
 But for the welfare of those friends
 That to his soul were dear.

LXXXIV. But

LXXXIV.

But plain he kenn'd the dark revenge
That lowr'd in EDBALD's breast;
And knew his hand would joy to act
The deed his tongue exprefs'd.

LXXXV.

What, though he ween'd the gentle Youth
For ever past away;
He lov'd him still, and wish'd him far
From EDBALD's wrath to stray.

LXXXVI.

Mean time, with anger in his eye,
And vengeance in his heart,
The haughty Earl from GALVAN's court
Indignant did depart.

LXXXVII.

To ERPWALD's castle now with speed
His furious steps advance;
From which they loiter'd had so long,
Withheld by wayward chance.

LXXXVIII.

Mysterious Pow'r! whose mighty will
Can in one hour destroy
The structure fair on which we rest
Our every hope of joy;

LXXXIX.

Yet o'er the soul where virtue dwells,
Thy reign is short, I trust;
And there the Phoenix joy shall spring
More glorious from her dust.

XC.

But curs'd the heart, where life nor death
Her blessings can restore;
O! tenfold curs'd, where hope's sweet flow'r
Withers to bloom no more.

XCI.

Proud EDBALD gone, the tidings soon
The train to GALVAN bear;
Nor were they, if I ween aright,
Ungrateful to his ear.

XCII.

Nor sooner did the shades of night,
At morn's approach decay,
Than to the well-known Abbey's gate
The Noble hy'd away.

XCIII.

His presence soon with greetings fair
The holy ALDRIC met,
And soon with bashful eye he view'd
EDILDA at his feet.

XCIV.

"Bless me," she cry'd, "my honour'd Sire,
"O bless your child once more!"
While down her cheeks the trembling tears
Of love and terror pour.

XCV.

"Bless thee, my child? O that I will,
"While life remains," he cry'd.
And as he spoke, the tender drops
That dew'd her cheek he dry'd.

XCVI.

Then kindly stooping, by the hand
 The timid maid he rais'd ;
 Who thus encourag'd, o'er and o'er
 Her noble Sire embrac'd.

XCVII.

But who her tendernefs, her joy,
 Her gratitude, can speak ?
 Who the sweet words, that from her lips
 Of rapturous duty break,

XCVIII.

When from her generous Father's lips
 Of EDBALD's flight ſhe hears ;
 And that no more his hated love
 Shall fill her breaſt with cares ?

XCIX.

And much the friendly Abbot prais'd
 EDILDA's noble ſoul,
 That durſt the mighty power of love
 At duty's call controul.

C.

And pray'd, the lenient hand of time
 Might cank'ring ſorrow chace,
 And freſhly tint the roſe of health
 That faded on her face.

CI.

Three peaceful days his noble gueſts
 With holy ALDRIC ſpend ;
 But on the fourth to GALVAN's hall
 Their journey back intend.

CII. And

CII.

And now the fair adieus had past,
And now the outward gate
Was open'd, that the honour'd pair
Might freely pass thereat ;

CIII.

When white with foam, a courser near,
The company espy'd,
On which a herald, trimly clad,
Impetuously did ride.

CIV.

Lo ! at the Abbey's lofty gate
He lighted is full soon,
And quick as thought at GALVAN's feet
All panting casts him down.

CV.

Then eagerly as breath will serve,
His tidings doth declare ;
And shews, how EDWY is become
The far-fam'd OSWALD's heir.

CVI.

But while the wond'rous tale he told,
Th' emotions who could speak
That swam in sweet EDILDA's eye,
And flush'd her Father's cheek ?

CVII.

With him 'twas pleasure and surprise,
Unblent with doubt or care ;
With her 'twas transport beating high,
Yet mix'd with trembling fear.

CVIII. Unthought

CVIII.

Unthought of joys his aged breast
 With temper'd feelings move ;
 But her's with all the tumult throbs
 Of extasy and love.

CIX.

Could Nature bear the strong reverse,
 And still her course maintain ?
 She could not : bliss o'erstrain'd becomes
 Intolerable pain.

CX.

Thick and more thick her sighs exhale,
 Her pulse forgets to play ;
 And in her Father's arms at length
 She senseless sunk away.

CXI.

But soon from Nature's friendly pause
 The lovely maid awakes ;
 And now of blessing's flowing cup
 More sparingly partakes :

CXII.

With chasten'd joy the cordial lines
 Of noble OSWALD hears ;
 And as she listens, silent pays
 The tribute of her tears.

CXIII.

And sure no sweeter drops appear
 Within the melting eye,
 Than those that spring at joy's soft touch
 From sensibility.

CXIV.

Forthwith to noble GALVAN's court
 They deem it meet to haste,
 Since OSWALD meant to greet them there
 Or e'er three days were pass'd.

CXV.

Yet to the Abbot ere they go,
 Their sacred word they plight,
 That his bless'd hand in Hymen's bonds
 The lovers shall unite.

CXVI.

Now spread the tidings far and near
 Of EDWY's alter'd state ;
 Nor was there one in GALVAN's court
 But greatly joy'd thereat.

CXVII.

For him they joy'd, but triumph'd more
 For sweet EDILDA's bliss,
 Which well they ween'd thro' life would be
 By love wrap'd up in his.

CXVIII.

And all with one consent agree,
 The charming noble pair,
 Each of the other through the world
 Alone deserving were.

CXIX.

But who the yearnings fond could tell
 Within EDILDA's breast,
 The hurrying thoughts, the nameless fears,
 That pillag'd all her rest?

CXX. As

CXX.

As on the silent minutes stole
That usher'd the glad day,
When fortune promis'd to restore
What duty rent away.

CXXI.

Yet though she wish'd the feet of time
Wing'd with the plumes of love,
And deem'd that since the world was made
He ne'er so slow did move :

CXXII.

Still as the hour so wish'd draws nigh,
New perturbations rise,
And chill and warm, by turns, her cheek,
And tremble in her eyes.

CXXIII.

And oft she heav'd a generous sigh,
That wealth, and pow'r, and birth,
A grace obtain'd that still had been
Denied to better worth.

CXXIV.

But if in expectation thus
Her lovely bosom beat ;
What doth it feel when she beholds
Her EDWY at her feet ?

CXXV.

What pen the passions can describe
That thrill within her soul ?
What tongue the transports wild declare
That all his pow'rs controul ?

CXXVI. Nor

CXXVI.

Nor poor the blifs that GALVAN tastes,
When warmly to his breast
The noble OSWALD, loft fo long,
With love fincere he prefs'd.

CXXVII.

Quickly the ftory of their loves
Through all the kingdom went ;
And through the land was fcarce a heart
But fhared in their content.

CXXVIII.

But moft the royal EGBERT joy'd
The wondrous tale to hear,
For OSWALD joy'd, whole wretched lot
Had coft him many a tear.

CXXIX.

And from his court the Monarch fent
With fpeed a meffage fair,
That mickle pleafure he fhould tafte
To greet the Lovers there.

CXXX.

Now focial mirth refounds once more
Through GALVAN's crowded hall,
And all the fmiles affembled there,
At pleafure's grateful call.

CXXXI.

And while the Lovers o'er and o'er
Their tender paffion tell,
Which melting looks, and ardent fighs,
Love's language, fpoke as well ;

CXXXII. Their

CXXXII.

Their aged Sires, of former times
A thousand tales relate,
And trace, through all her mazy rounds,
The mystic pow'r of fate.

CXXXIII.

Yet now and then amidst their talk
Their lovely offspring view'd
With mickle pride, and saw in them
Their blooming youth renew'd,

CXXXIV.

Where hearts were all so well agreed,
What need that ardent love
To Hymen long should sue in vain
His happiest state to prove?

CXXXV.

Soon was the nuptial torch prepar'd,
And soon with bravest state
The bridal train fair issued forth
At GALVAN's lofty gate.

CXXXVI.

Ah! who that morn the rapture high
Could paint in EDWY's face?
Who the soft blush that in the Maid's
With transports blended was?

CXXXVII.

So god-like Hector shew'd, I ween,
When to the nuptial bed
Andromache, in beauty's bloom,
He sweetly bashful led.

CXXXVIII. In

CXXXVIII.

In trim apparel, meetly rank'd
 Upon their courfers fair,
 A splendid train, with jocund looks,
 Behind assembled were.

CXXXIX.

And still as onward flow they pass'd,
 The country gather'd round,
 And blest'd their steps; and loving strew'd,
 With fragrant flow'rs, the ground.

CXL.

On either side the lovely pair
 Their reverend Sires were seen,
 Whose joy that morn new grace to age,
 New fire had lent I ween.

CXLI.

And now to ALDRIC's gate they came;
 And as they enter'd there,
 The holy Abbot met their steps
 With many a welcome fair.

CXLII.

Quickly the Lovers graceful knelt
 Before the sacred shrine;
 And Hymen quick their willing hands
 With gentle bonds did join.

CXLIII.

For virtue mated sweet with love
 In marriage only knows
 To wear and taste, without its thorn,
 The never-fading rose.

CXLIV. At

CXLIV.

At that glad hour, all words were vain
The happiness to tell,
Which only hearts so form'd as theirs
Could merit, or could feel.

CXLV.

Now from the holy Abbot's gate,
With many a blessing fair,
The bridal train rejoicing pass'd
In pageantry most rare.

CXLVI.

Full in their way to GALVAN's hall
There stood a pleasant grove,
Where every warbler sweetly sung
His little tale of love :

CXLVII.

And here, or e'er their steps return'd,
Had many a youth and maid,
With simple shew of duteous joy,
The bows with garlands clad.

CXLVIII.

And while the whispering zephyrs sent
Their fragrance through the air,
From sultry heat the bridal train
Was pleas'd to loiter there.

CXLIX.

But most the bride and bridegroom joy
Such tokens to receive
Of humble love, and courteous smiles,
And praises freely give.

M

CL. Yet

CL.

Yet more to please their honest hearts
A garland mickle fair,
The Bridegroom reach'd, and smiling, cry'd,
His bride the band should wear :

CLI.

“ More soft,” he said, “ than this sweet wreath
“ Our gentle bands shall prove,
“ Though never, like these drooping flow'rs,
“ Shall fade our constant love.”

CLII.

But whilst his hand the garland gay
Her white neck fasten'd round,
A sudden cry of deep distress
Made all the grove resound.

CLIII.

Pale with affright EDILDA turn'd ;
For much the fair-one fear'd
That in the cry the well-known voice
Of her lov'd Sire she heard.

CLIV.

Nor judg'd amiss; for as she turn'd,
In swoonings, she espy'd
The aged Lord, and to his aid
With eager duty hy'd.

CLV.

But ah ! alas ! she little ween'd,
Whilst, like some timorous hind
She sped away, the heavier ill
Her love had left behind.

CLVI. For

CLVI.

For scarce she turn'd, or e'er a shaft
Too well directed stood
In EDWY's breast, and trembled there,
And deeply drank his blood.

CLVII.

And scarce its deadly point he felt,
Or e'er the face appear'd
Of bloody EDBALD; from whose tongue
This cruel taunt he heard;

CLVIII.

" Accept, gay Bridegroom, from this bow
" With joy that arrow fair,
" For by thy own EDILDA's hand
" They both presented were!"

CLIX.

The sinking Youth these bitter words
With indignation fir'd;
While just revenge one flash of life
Within his breast inspir'd.

CLX.

On EDBALD suddenly he rush'd,
As base he turn'd his head
To fly the grove; and by the reins
Restrain'd his fiery steed.

CLXI.

Then cried, as high he rais'd his hand,
" Remember, treacherous Lord!
" That when to thee she gave a bow,
" To me she gave a sword."

CLXII.

He said ; and in the villain's breast
Plung'd deep the shining blade,
Which found the passage to his heart,
And mix'd him with the dead.

CLXIII.

But little to the noble Youth
Avails his vengeance just ;
Ah ! what awaits his haughty foe
Stretch'd silent in the dust ;

CLXIV.

Since fast life's purple current ebbs ?
And yet once more he tries
To seek his sweet EDILDA's face,
But as he looks he dies.

CLXV.

Loud, and more loud, EDILDA's shrieks
Re-ecchoed through the grove,
While to her EDWY fast she flew,
By terror borne and love.

CLXVI.

Alas ! 'twas dread of this distress
That riv'd her Father's heart,
As sudden through the shade he saw
Base EDBALD aim the dart.

CLXVII.

Nor knew the Bride the work of fate,
Till to his hall with care
Her Sire, in deadly swoonings laid,
She bade the servants bear.

CLXVIII.

But seeking then whom most she lov'd,
Whom most she lov'd she spy'd ;
Yet ere her eyes that sight beheld
Had rather far have dy'd.

CLXIX.

Ah ! who could think her EDWY's face
An object e'er would be,
In her fond eye, of horror wild,
And deepest misery ?

CLXX.

But not alone at EDWY's fate
Her bitter sorrows flow ;
Nor she alone must claim the sad
Prerogative of woe :

CLXXI.

Age joins with Youth at such a scene,
To wage a cruel war
With grief, whose all relentless hand
Points firmly to despair.

CLXXII.

And who can marvel that a heart
Awak'd from length of woe
To sudden joy, at woe's return
A deep despair should know.

CLXXIII.

O ! he that can, has ne'er, I ween,
Like wretched OSWALD known
The loss of all his hopes on earth
In losing such a Son.

CXXLIV.

To EDWY's corse, with bursting heart,
The hapless Noble sped ;
And wrung his hands in speechless woe,
And shook his hoary head.

CLXXV.

Forthwith on either side the corse
With many a bitter groan,
The childless Sire, and widow'd Bride,
Distracted throw them down.

CLXXVI.

A thousand and a thousand times
The body they embrace ;
A thousand and a thousand times
They kiss the pallid face.

CLXXVII.

A thousand and a thousand times
To speak, in vain they try,
Upon their wan and quiv'ring lips
The murmuring accents die.

CLXXVIII.

But when within her EDWY's breast
EDILDA scann'd the dart ;
She frantic cry'd, " Almighty Pow'rs !
" This hand has pierc'd his heart !

CLXXIX.

" O yes, his own EDILDA's hand
" The fatal shaft supply'd ;
" By which, far dearer than her life,
" Her lovely Husband dy'd !"

CLXXX. She

CLXXX.

She said ; and reckless what to do,
Or where to find relief,
On OSWALD'S bosom, o'er the corse
Reclin'd, and hid her grief.

CLXXXI.

Ah ! then the piteous fight to see
His reverend silver hairs
Hang o'er EDILDA'S faded cheek,
And drink her falling tears.

CLXXXII.

Around the late-gay bridal train
With solemn silence wait,
And weep alike the Mourner's woe,
And gallant EDWY'S fate.

CLXXXIII.

Still o'er the breathless bloody corse
The wretched couple bent ;
While on its wan, yet lovely face,
Their trickling sorrows blent.

CLXXXIV.

At length, unequal to sustain
Woe's overwhelming tide,
Clasp'd close, in one last agony
They bow'd their heads and dy'd.

CLXXXV.

Then what a cry of wild affright
From every tongue was heard ;
And what a burst of bitter grief
From ev'ry eye appear'd.

CLXXXVI. Round

CXXXLVI.

Round the pale corfes as they lie,
 Clasp'd in death's cold embrace,
 Confus'd they crowd, but strive in vain,
 A spark of life to trace.

CLXXXVII.

Those forms, alas ! lay cold and dead
 To every earthly care,
 Which late of spirits so sublime,
 The lovely dwellings were.

CLXXXVIII.

The self-same train in bridal pairs,
 So jocund late I ween,
 In sad procession moving now
 To GALVAN's court was seen.

CLXXXIX.

The self-same path where love and joy
 Late seem'd in freshest bloom,
 Now led, alas ! to gloomy woe,
 And to the barren tomb.

CXC.

To GALVAN's hall the mournful train,
 With heavy steps drew near ;
 But e'er their feet the portal reach'd,
 Their wailings reach'd his ear.

CXCI.

Their lamentations pierce his ear,
 What time his eyes unclofe
 To light once more ; and as his heart
 Awakens to its woes,

CXCII. He

CXCII.

He starts with horror at the sound,
Forebodes a world of cares ;
But soon a dreadful sight beholds,
Surpassing all his fears.

CXCIII.

And yet he liv'd with breaking heart
To follow the sad bier,
On which were laid the pale remains
Of all he valued here.

CXCIV.

Within the holy ALDRIC's walls
Their honour'd relics plac'd,
A stately monument his love
And sorrow o'er them rais'd.

CXCV.

This tribute paid, his head he hides
Within the Abbey's gloom,
And spends his days in tears and pray'rs,
Around their hallow'd tomb.

CXCVI.

The few sad days thus wretched spends,
That cank'ring sorrow spares ;
Who soon his weary eye-lids clos'd,
And mix'd his dust with theirs.

CXCVII.

And long each feeling generous heart
Their hapless fortunes mourn'd,
Long at the mention of their worth
Each virtuous bosom burn'd.

N

CXCVIII. And

CXCVIII.

And still in every heart and eye
Their woes should live, and fame
On every tongue, could my poor pen
Perpetuate their name.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

In the P R E F A C E.

For approbation of the *latter*, read approbation of the *former*.
For wraps himself *up*, read wraps himself.

In P A R T I.

Stanza

- LXIII. For *love*, read *lore*.
- LXXVI. For *And*, read *But*.
- CXVIII. For *aged*, read *ancient*.
- CXLIV. For *lips*, read *lip*, and for *pressed*, read *presses*.

P A R T II.

- XLVII. In the last line, for *instant*, read *quickly*.
- CI. For *those notes*, read *that tongue*.
- CXIX. For *blend*, read *bind*.
- CLXXXII. For *flatt'ring*, read *falt'ring*.
- CLXXXIV. Instead of the two first lines read these (*Edilda's speech*
continuing through the stanza)
“ EDILDA wou'd not for the world
“ It ever shou'd appear.

P A R T III.

- IV. For *obliges*, read *constraineth*.
- XL. For *Edilda*, read *Edilda's*.
- L. For *bad not*, read *but that*.

P A R T IV.

- XXXIII. For *it*, read *be*.
- XLVI. For *their*, read *its*.
- LXIV. For *a*, read *some*.
- LXXI. For *wrapt*, read *rapt*.
- CVII. For *thoughts*, read *sprite*.
- CLXIX. For *vengeance*, read *succour*.
- CCXVII. For *up*, read *my*.

P A R T V.

- LIII. For *base*, read *much*.
- LVI. For *He* read *And*.
- LXXIX. For *too*, read *so*, and add a mark of interrogation at
the end.
- CXVIII. For *agree*, read *agreed*.
- CXXI. For *deem'd*, read *ween'd*.

